

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLII.

OCTOBER, 1853.

No. 4.

JOURNEYINGS IN SPAIN.

NUMBER FIVE.

THERE is no carriage-road between Granada and Cordova, and we were obliged to perform the journey on horse-back. This is even a slower mode of travelling than by coach, for a muleteer's horses can scarcely be beaten into a faster gait than a walk. Twenty-five or thirty miles a day was the greatest speed we could make, although we started before daylight in the morning, and continued in the saddle until seven or eight o'clock at night, with the exception of an hour at noon, when we alighted by the road-side, to take our morning meal.

The *Arriero* from whom we hired our mules and horses, is known in Granada by the name of Napoleon, and a very honest fellow we found him.

Napoleon was quite a gentleman in his manners, and, as it appears, had a great sense of propriety; for the evening prior to our departure, he hinted to me that as there were some ladies of the party, in order to avoid any scandal, it would be better to start very early in the morning, and to send our horses outside of the gates of the city, where we could mount and depart unseen.

Taking Napoleon's advice, we left Granada the next morning, before the sun had removed the misty veil from the beautiful *vega*.

At about eight miles from the city, we passed *El Puente de Pinos*, a stone-bridge, which crosses a small stream. Tradition says that it was on this bridge that Columbus, hurrying in disgust from the delays and disappointments he had met with at the Court of Ferdinand, was stopped by a messenger from Isabella, saying she would espouse his plans of discovery.

Leaving the *vega*, our way lay through mountain defiles, and amid picturesque scenery, until we arrived at *Alcala el Real*, an old Moorish town, built upon the summit of a hill, where we passed the night. Our next day's journey brought us to *Baena*, likewise an ancient Moorish town, containing a population of ten thousand, built upon the slope of a hill, crowned by a picturesque castle.

From Baena, we passed through a wild, uncultivated country; and when evening stole upon us, we were still far distant from Cordova. Night closing in, the way became so obscure that we were obliged to trust to the instinct of our horses, to carry us in the right direction. As we advanced, the country became more broken and hilly, and the road so bad that our poor beasts, nearly exhausted with the long day's journey, went stumbling at every few steps. Finally Napoleon gave us the agreeable information that we had lost the way; and he got down from his horse and went on ahead to search for it. But his search was useless; and so we continued to stumble on, not knowing where we were going, and trusting entirely to our beasts, until after two or three hours of uncertainty we descried far away in a valley beneath us, the lights of Cordova. No port was ever hailed with more pleasure by the tempest-tossed mariner than were the lights of that city. But they were still distant, and the way appeared to lengthen as we advanced. Finally our course was intercepted by a river—the Guadalquivir!—and I hope I will not shock the poetical reader when I say we crossed it in a scow! Arrived on the other side, a short ride brought us to the city, and to the door of our hotel, where we were right glad to dismount, after having been fourteen hours in the saddle.

Cordova was a flourishing city under the Romans and Goths, but it reached its greatest splendor after the Moorish conquest. In 756, it threw off its allegiance to the Caliphate of Damascus, and under Abderahman it rose to be the capital of the Moorish Empire in Spain, and became the rival of Bagdad and Damascus. Its most flourishing period was about the year 1009, when it contained nearly a million inhabitants. Toward the middle of that century the power of the Caliphate began to diminish, and in the early part of the thirteenth century, internal discord had so weakened the government that in 1235, Ferdinand the Third, or Saint Ferdinand, made an easy conquest of Cordova and the whole kingdom. Cordova has sadly decayed under the Spaniards; and at the present day, the stranger finds little to interest him in roaming through its narrow, tortuous, and almost deserted streets. After he has walked around its picturesque Moorish walls, and visited the Cathedral, he is ready to shake the dust from his feet, and proceed on his journey.

It would have been thus with me but for one circumstance. Before leaving home, a particular friend put a letter of introduction into my hands, addressed to Cordova. 'You will doubtless visit that city in your tour through Spain,' said he, 'and if you do, I wish you particularly to deliver that letter.' Some years since, I passed a winter in that country, several months of which were spent in Cordova.

'Finding poor accommodations at my hotel, I searched for quarters in a private family, and after many ineffectual efforts, at last found all I desired at the house of an old gentleman of decayed fortune, but of excellent family. I had lived for more than a week with Don Antonio, before I discovered he had a daughter. One evening, the Don and I were walking in the garden enjoying our cigars, when all at once the notes of a guitar broke upon our ears, and after a short prelude, a sweet voice sang one of those beautiful ballads of Spain.

'I placed my hand on the old man's arm, and we both paused until the strain was finished.

‘What sweet voice is that, Don Antonio?’ said I.

‘Why, it is my daughter’s, the little Carmencita.’

‘Is it possible?’ I replied; ‘and you have never told me before that you had a daughter?’

‘Ah, Señor, she is still very young and timid, and not accustomed to see strangers—but come, you are in my house, and I will not make a stranger of you any longer. I will show you my Carmencita, my little jewel, all that is left in this world to gladden my heart amidst my poverty.’

‘The old gentleman took my arm and led me into a small room, the windows of which looked upon the garden. As soon as we entered, a beautiful, bright-eyed girl ran forward to greet her papa with a kiss.

‘Carmencita was shy at first; she did not appear to like the society of the stranger; but after a week or two, her shyness passed away, and she learned to consider me as one of the family. When I returned, after my daily rambles through the town and surrounding country, she always ran to greet me with her bright sunny smile; and when I spent the mornings or evenings at home, she would read to me some passage from the adventures of the Don, or some famous old ballad, or her fingers would stray over the cords of the guitar, and she would break forth in one of those touching Spanish melodies which thrill the very soul.

‘Days and weeks flew by, and I put off my departure from Cordova, although I scarcely dared to acknowledge to myself that it was the magic spell which the child Carmencita had thrown around me, which caused my delay.

‘But Carmencita, although a child in years, was not a child in growth and feeling: in this sunny clime, the plant is soon matured.

‘Yet I do not believe that Carmencita had ever dreamed of such a thing as love. We had lived together like brother and sister, and as for myself, it was not until I was obliged to leave Cordova that I felt the power of the silken bands she had woven around me.

‘At length the day of my departure arrived. I was to go to Malaga, thence to leave Spain, in all probability, for ever. The old gentleman was grieved at my departure. He pressed my hand and said, ‘You must return soon.’ Carmencita looked sad, and was silent. My horse was at the door, and my guide in readiness. I mounted hastily, with an almost bursting heart; and as I turned to take a last farewell, I saw the tears were streaming from Carmencita’s eyes. This was too much for me; I felt I could not endure the agony I felt a moment longer, and putting spurs to my horse, I was soon far distant from Cordova.

‘I have never returned to Spain since; nor have I ever heard from Don Antonio, or his lovely daughter; but if they are still living, I am sure they will be glad to hear from the stranger who spent so many days under their roof, and that they will receive you with the same kindness which they extended toward me.’

Hunting among a pile of letters of introduction, many of which were never fated to be delivered, I found the desired epistle, and immediately sallied forth in search of the address. In a gloomy, deserted street, I found the house of Don Antonio. I knocked at the door, and the venerable domestic that opened to me led me through a hall into a large apartment on the ground-floor, which opened to the garden. On enter-

ing, I perceived a fine-looking old gentleman seated at the window, deeply engaged in a large volume opened before him. He rose to receive me; and as he glanced over the letter which I handed him, I saw his eyes sparkle with pleasure, and a benignant smile overspread his countenance. He immediately held out his hand and welcomed me most cordially, and then commenced asking numerous questions about my friend; but suddenly stopping in the midst of them, he called the old servant and sent him in search of Carmencita. A light foot was soon heard descending the stairs, and one of the most lovely beings I ever beheld stood before me. It was Carmencita, grown to a lovely woman, surrounded with all that grace and fascination which characterize her country-women.

During my stay at Cordova, my visits to Don Antonio's were of daily occurrence. Carmencita was always there, ready to tune her guitar and warble for me one of her beautiful ballads; and the old gentleman, who was learned in all the antiquities of the place, was always delighted to impart to me his knowledge.

In a few days I took leave of Don Antonio and his lovely daughter, carrying with me many kind messages for my friend. But alas! he never lived to receive them. When I returned home, I found the turf was green upon his grave.

The Cathedral of Cordova, which was formerly a mosque, was commenced by Abdunahman, in 786, and in splendor was second only to that of Mecca. Externally, it presents nothing attractive; in fact, its square towers and castellated appearance are rather forbidding than otherwise.

On entering the building the effect is most curious; one is, as it were, amid a forest of columns. There are nearly one thousand of these columns, no two of which are alike, some being of jasper, others of porphyry, and others of different colored marbles. The curious effect is heightened by the extreme lowness of the arched aisles, which are not more than twelve or fourteen feet in height, and the half day-light which pervades this vast edifice.

The most beautiful and best-preserved portion of the building is a chapel in which the Alcoran was placed. This is entered through an arched portal, of blue and gold mosaic, of most exquisite finish, and which, notwithstanding the flight of centuries, retains all its primitive freshness.

The chapel is an octagon of fifteen feet, the roof of which is in the form of a scollop, wrought out of one piece of marble. The pavement is likewise of marble, and around the wall is worn deeply by the multitudes of pilgrims who for centuries worshipped at this shrine.

Cordova, like all Spanish towns, has its beggars, which the stranger will find it almost impossible to shake off. They will frequently follow on his track for hours together; and although he may endeavor to get rid of them by all the kind Spanish words with which his memory is supplied, he will too frequently find them ineffectual. He will then probably try harsh terms; but these will have no better effect; and if his heart becomes touched, and his charitable spirit induces him to give alms, this only makes matters worse, for he will soon have all the beggars of the town at his heels. There are two magic phrases, however, which the beggar knows well, and which, in the mouth of a Spaniard, are always effectual; these are, *Perdone von por Dios hermano* — Pardon

me for God's sake, brother! — and *Dios ampare à von* — May God protect you! When he hears either of these he gives up all hope, and walks away in disgust.

One day, I was followed by three very troublesome mendicants, among whom was a venerable-looking old man, enveloped in a thread-bare cloak, patched in innumerable places, which he wore with all the dignity of a Roman. The two youngest of the party, after a long chase, gave up the pursuit, and left the ground clear to the old man, who followed me to the outside of the walls of the city, where I lighted a cigar, and sat down to rest myself. As soon as I was seated, he made an attack upon me by first uncovering his venerable head, and then running on with a string of such piteous solicitations that I found it impossible to resist any longer, and putting my hand into my pocket with the intention of giving him a trifle, I found I had come out without my purse. His countenance brightened up for a moment when he saw the movement; but when I explained to him the circumstances of the case, his features immediately relaxed into their wonted gravity. He paused a short time, and then said:

‘Señor, you have no money to give me, and therefore I will go away satisfied if you will bestow upon me the stump of your cigar when you are done with it.’

I could not resist this modest demand, and pulling out my cigar-case, I presented him with a genuine Havana. He held out his trembling hand and seized it with delight. Then bowing to the ground, he gave vent to a perfect shower of blessings, and repeating many times, *Dios selo pagara à von, Señor* — God will repay you, Sir — went on his way rejoicing.

From Cordova I took a private conveyance to Seville, making the journey, which is about one hundred miles, in three days.

The first night I stopped at a very pretty little town called Ecija. The second I was at Carmona, most picturesquely situated upon the summit of a rock, and surrounded by Moorish fortifications.

After Carmona the road led through pleasant olive-orchards, and toward evening, the towers of Seville arose to view. Passing by orange-groves and gardens on the right, and leaving a well-preserved Roman aqueduct on the left, which still supplies the inhabitants with water, I entered the gates of this famous old city.

Seville is situated on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, in a fertile and ever-blooming plain.

It is surrounded by walls of concrete tapia, and is entirely Moorish within and without. The streets are narrow, in order to keep them shady during the heat of the day. The houses are built after the same style, and are very plain externally. The enormous windows are barricaded with huge *rejās* or iron gratings, which make them look like prisons; and the large portal which gives entrance to the court, is likewise protected by an iron gate. The court-yard, which can be seen from the street, is more or less adorned, according to the wealth and position of the occupant. The handsomest are surrounded with galleries, supported by marble columns, and ornamented with fountains, flowers, and shrubbery. In the summer-time, the court-yard is covered with an awning; and here,

amid the perfume of flowers, and the music of the fountain, the family spend the greater part of the day.

Walking through the streets at night, you will often see a form enveloped in a cloak before a *reja*; and if you observe more closely, you will perceive another behind the bars. This is a *Novio*, paying court to his *Novia*. It is thus that courtship usually commences; and it is not before the lover has laid a regular siege to his mistress's heart in this way that he is allowed the privilege of entering the house. After having obtained this privilege, should any thing occur to cause the parents to object to his visits, he is obliged to retreat again to the *reja*, through whose inexorable bars, in a favored moment, sighs, sweet words, and promises, are still mutually exchanged.

The Cathedral of Seville is one of the largest and most beautiful of Spain. It is built upon the site of a Moorish mosque, and still retains many of the characteristics of its Moorish origin. The square towers, and the red *tapia* walls which surround it, are almost entirely the work of the Mussulman. Passing through a rich gate-way, you enter *El Patio de los Naranjos*, a court so named from being thickly planted with orange-trees. To the right of the entrance is an immense fountain, where the Moor performed his ablutions. To the left arises the Giralda, so called from a vane on its top representing a female figure, fourteen feet high, made of bronze, and weighing three thousand pounds. This tower is a square of fifty feet, and is three hundred and fifty feet in height. The ascent to the top is by easy ramps, so that a troop of horse might ride up without difficulty.

The view from above embraces the whole city, with its Roman and Moorish walls, its towers, its numerous steeples, and its blooming gardens, with the beautiful Guadalquivir winding gracefully at its feet.

The Cathedral was commenced in 1401, and finished in 1500. It is built in the Gothic style, and next to Toledo, is the most splendid religious edifice of Spain. On entering the portal, one is struck with the grandeur of the architectural design. Its lofty naves, supported by gigantic columns of stone; its numerous chapels filled with works of art; and its exquisitely painted glass-windows, strike the beholder with wonder and admiration.

In fact, the Cathedral of Seville is a large museum; and to describe the paintings, the sculpture, and the innumerable objects of interest which attract on every side, would far over-step the limits proposed in these sketches.

Among the most remarkable of the chapels is the *Capilla Mayor*, which is a church in itself, being fifty-nine feet wide, eighty-one feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet high. In front of the altar lies the body of Saint Ferdinand, the conqueror of Seville, in a silver and glazed urn. The body is well preserved, and is displayed to the public thrice a year, namely, on May thirtieth, August twenty-second, and November twenty-third. This chapel is closed by a large open-worked iron portal, and I found it impossible to gain an entrance, although I tried the effect of a good bribe upon the sacristan.

Among the exquisite paintings to be found in the various chapels, there were two which made an indelible impression on my memory. The

first was a Saint Antonio, which is said to be the chef-d'œuvre of Murillo. The painting represents the infant SAVIOUR attended by cherubim, visiting the monk, who is kneeling in the attitude of prayer. The angelic expression depicted in the face of the Saint is beyond all description; the beholder is at once entranced with the magical effect, and the more he gazes, the greater is his admiration. The second is *El Angel de la Guarda*, a guardian angel holding a beautiful child by the hand. This is another of the sublime efforts of Murillo, and may be studied for hours with increasing pleasure.

After the Cathedral, the next object of attention is the Alcazar, or palace of the Moorish kings. This was built by Abdalasis, who brought the most famous architects from the East to superintend its erection. The building in the course of ages has undergone many alterations, both during the reign of the Moors and since the conquest. Externally, it is dark and forbidding; the gloomy walls which surround it jealously hiding all the splendors within.

Entering the court-yard through a modest door-way, the grand portal of the palace is immediately in front. This is a chef-d'œuvre of Moorish art, which has been restored within a few years, without losing any of its former characteristics. The portal and the arch above are literally covered with a lace-work of stone, the ground-work of which is painted in red and blue.

Passing the portal, you enter an interior court of vast dimensions, which strikes the beholder with wonder and admiration. The walls for the distance of several feet from the pavement are covered with a mosaic of *azulejos*, or painted tiles, of most exquisite finish and design, and from thence to the ceiling are ornamented with stucco-work in plaster, filled with delicate tracery, intermingled with verses from the Alcoran. A beautiful light gallery surrounds the whole, the delicate open-worked arches of which are supported by slender white marble columns, with most exquisitely-carved capitals. In the centre of the court, which is paved with white and colored marble, there is a beautiful fountain.

It was in this voluptuous spot that the king and his favorites passed the greater part of the day. And no more delicious retreat could be found during the heats of an Andalusian summer, for the air was refreshed by the spray of the fountain, and perfumed by the breath of the myriads of flowers that bloomed in the adjoining garden.

From this court you enter the Hall of Ambassadors, which has a beautifully-sculptured dome, and in its ornamentation and arrangement resembles that described in the Alhambra. At the end of this hall a gallery conducts to the *Patio de las Muñecas* — the Court of Dolls. This is a repetition of the first-described court, in miniature — the same porticoes, the same pillars, and the same curious tracery on the walls. But the whole has suffered much from the effects of time and dampness.

The apartments of the second story have undergone more alteration than those of the first story, and hence are less interesting, as they have lost much of their Moorish character. The gardens are beautiful, and in perfect harmony with the palace. They are laid out in terraces, divided by hedge-rows of orange-trees, where flowers, and fountains, and grottoes, and the never-ceasing sound of running waters delight the senses.

R. T. M

T H E H E A R T I L O V E .

I.

I LOVE a self-renouncing heart,
One gentle, thoughtful, earnest, kind;
And not the heedless, careless one,
That speaks a cold and selfish mind.

II.

I love the cheerful, ready heart,
That meets the want the eye perceives;
And not the one that waits till asked,
And then reluctantly relieves.

III.

Much, much I love these timely gifts,
So they with care and love be given,
To some poor, humble child of earth,
Who trusts alone to God and Heaven.

IV.

Placed by the door at even-tide,
As though an angel bore them there,
Leaving the poor and humble one
To speak its thanks to God in prayer.

V.

The heart that will God's blessed truths
Dispense at home with liberal hand;
That feeds the rills that form the streams
Which flow along through foreign lands.

VI.

A heart so proud 't will never stoop
That it may servile homage pay;
And yet so meek 't would stop to cheer
A poor, lone pilgrim on his way.

VII.

One that can meet a beggar-child
And not aside in horror start;
That knows beneath an old, torn garb,
May beat a little human heart.

VIII.

I love these kind, these pitying hearts
That can another's burdens bear;
And oh! I love those generous ones
That in another's joy can share!

IX.

Last, last of all, I love the heart
That's warm and gushing — full of love;
That seeks not for the praise of earth,
But an approving smile above.

E. G.

HOW THEY MAKE DOCTORS.

Will the reader take a walk with us through a medical college? We can see there the machinery wherewith they make those useful citizens, the doctors. We may see, too, some other machinery, 'fearfully and wonderfully made;' deep arcana of nature, hid from the common eye. Don't be nervous about it! Mystery is the first element of horror; things, once seen in their true light, grow less offensive, and, at last, we learn to look with pleasure on that we at first abhorred.

It is a large building of red sandstone, of a curious Romanesque style of architecture. Here we are, in the lower hall. Two or three bright, rosy children are playing about, and in that large, cheerful room, busied in her household cares, is the Janitor's wife. We have the entree of the edifice, and this little pass-key in my hand will open every door. Let us go above.

Here is a fine, lofty hall. On one side is the library, on the shelves of which is piled much musty lore; but medical books are not the lightest of literature, and should be carefully opened, or we may see something designed for the initiated only. On this side is a lecture-room, in the form of an amphitheatre. The seats rise tier on tier, one above another, and are occupied by students, in all manner of *negligé* attitudes. Down at the bottom of this great well-like room, is a circular enclosure. Behind this, and separated from the lecture-room by folding doors, is the laboratory. The janitor opens the doors, and trundles out a large table, which runs on a railroad, and fits nicely to the concavity of the circle. This table is covered with spirit-lamps, receivers, air-pumps, Florence flasks, retorts, and sundry variously-colored bottles; and the Professor, stepping up to it, proceeds to discourse on the mysteries of Chemistry. Before he commences, however, he bows acknowledgment to the hearty cheer which greets his entrance. It is etiquette in a medical school to salute the lecturer with stamping of feet and clapping of hands, and silence would be as ominous as a hiss.

Here, in the story above, is the museum. Ranged about the room in glass cases, are manifold skulls, skeletons of various sizes, monstrosities, plaster casts of huge tumors, jars neatly labelled, containing specimens of morbid anatomy, and there, grinning hideously from its pedestal, is a manikin; a kind of anatomical model, made of *papier mache*, detested by students, and bearing the same resemblance to the 'real thing,' that an old, worm-eaten herbarium does to the fresh and fragrant flower.

Look in at this door a moment. It is the anatomical theatre, and is, though smaller, constructed like the room below. Two or three brains lie on plates on the table, and the Professor is discoursing very learnedly. What an unintelligible melange of lengthy words! Torcular heraphili, hippocampus major, tentorium cerebelli, and other polysyllables, roll glibly from the teacher's mouth. Most of the class are watching the dissection closely, but there, in that first seat, is one with mouth wide open, and despair written on his brow, swallowing insanely every word, but understanding nothing. Such a man will make a stupid physician.

Now, come through this passage, and up this flight of stairs. On the door is written, '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*;' which some scribbler has freely translated, 'Of the dead nothing is left but the bones!' We enter a long, lofty room, lighted from above, and quite chilly; but little fire being allowed here. Why do you start back so hastily? These specimens of the defunct *homo* on these tables, are, to be sure, a novel sight; but these young gentlemen in many-colored dressing-gowns, and short pipes, seem to feel no uneasiness. That quiet, good-natured looking gentleman at the blackboard, is the demonstrator of anatomy. He goes about from table to table, explaining the relations of organs, and helping green students to repair the mischief done by some unlucky cut of the scalpel. He says, in reply to our questions, that students very rarely manifest any great repugnance to the task of dissection, and that only at the outset of their labor. The integuments once removed, and they have before them a problem to solve; a congeries of bones, blood-vessels, muscles, and nerves, to be unravelled; their relations to each other to be ascertained, and their shape, size, and other tangible properties to be acquired. And the study of this problem, like that of a Chinese puzzle, becomes very fascinating. Students come early, and go late; the interruptions of meals are a bore, and they sit quietly at their work, occasionally humming a snatch from an opera, or cracking a joke with a neighbor.

We ask an impertinent question, but which the demonstrator answers very readily: 'Where do we get our subjects? Oh, at a distance! We have no legal sources of supply, or, at least, very insufficient ones. So we get them as we can, always taking great pains to avoid any outrage of public sentiment, and generally evading, rather than violating, the law. All these subjects before you, were procured in a manner which *ought* to be legal. If it were, nobody's feelings would be outraged, no surviving friends would be offended. They *ought* to give us the law we petition for every winter; but there are always Mohawk Dutchmen, and anti-renters, ignorant Van Schoonhovens and Vanderspiegels enough, in the Legislature, to defeat the bill. This is very unfair. The law for mal-practice punishes the surgeon severely for any disaster resulting from want of skill; or, in other words, from want of anatomical knowledge; and at the same time we are punishable by fine, and disgraceful imprisonment, for taking the only means in our power to acquire that knowledge. And frequent ruinous and unjust suits for mal-practice have made this so evident to surgeons, that it is sometimes difficult to procure surgical attendance. I have known a man to lie for many hours with a broken thigh, before a surgeon could be found to assume the *legal risk* of reducing it. At the same time, no man is so poor or degraded, but that he can readily procure the best *medical* attendance; for there is no danger of a lawsuit. If they would give us this law—a law which would compel some of these scamps, who live upon the public charity, or support themselves by crime, and die in jails, to compensate the public, by post-mortem services, for all the trouble they give us before death—it would do away with those occasional violations of the sanctity of the grave, which outrage and shock every feeling of humanity.'

'What is the moral effect of dissection? Does it tend to materialism or atheism?' we ask.

'The moral effect is rather good than otherwise, though principally negative. It teaches the habit of secrecy, (a very necessary accomplishment for the physician, who knows everybody's peccadilloes,) and, aside from its first great object of anatomical knowledge, it familiarizes the hand to the knife, and makes skilful surgeons. Sometimes I have amateur classes, which clergymen join. *They* claim to fortify their faith, by the evidence of design displayed in this handiwork of God. Now and then, we have an infidel here, who looks upon the soul as a nonentity, and life as an effect of certain material combinations. Oftener, however, these men make electricity their God, and see nothing but a series of galvanic plates in the convolutions of the brain. It is curious, that such thinkers rarely stay long in the 'regular' profession, but soon run off into some kind of quackery; thus showing a natural proclivity to the irregular and fanciful. As to materialism, this room is worth a thousand sermons against that error. It is an unconscious materialism which gives us our natural aversion to dissection. When we come to segregate the soul from the body, as we do here, looking upon the latter as of no moment, we lose this superstition of materialism.'

The demonstrator has given us quite a lecture. Really, after staying here half an hour, this is not so bad a place; and we feel tempted to don an apron, and do a little carving ourselves. We take a scalpel, and commence upon a neck, with what we regard as a very nice incision. A student rushes up aghast; 'we have cut the *descendens noni* nerve—we are raising the devil!' he exclaims. As it is a suspicious locality in which to 'elevate the ancient Henry,' we lay down the knife, and, albeit somewhat crestfallen at our rebuff, we leave the medical college with hearty good wishes for its prosperity! Long may it wave!

THE STUDENT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

I saw him in his lonely room,
Upon an armless easy-chair:
His face was dark with saddened gloom,
His brow was lined with thought and care.
A pipe was fixed between his teeth,
A pipe of snow-white potter's clay,
And as he viewed the smoky wreath,
I heard him slowly, sadly say,—
'Passing away—passing away.'

II.

I saw him when from studies freed:
He gazed upon a box of pine,
Filled with Virginia's matchless weed,
So richly brown, so strong, so fine:
His box was cut, and hacked, and serried,
And many a pipe around it lay;
His hands were in his pockets buried,
And thus I heard him sadly say,—
'Passing away—passing away.'

III.

I saw him next at even's hour:
A flask of ale was lying near;
He loved Tobacco's soothing power,
But ale to him was very dear.
And now that ale was quickly going;
That flask was emptied every day:
Fast from his eyes the tears were flowing,
And thus I heard him sadly say,—
'Passing away—passing away.'

IV.

I saw him last at dead of night:
His snow-white pipes had vanished all,—
Quenched was Tobacco's gleaming light—
The smoke was absent from his hall:
His box of pine was empty lying,
His much-loved ale had fled for aye,
And, mournfully and sadly sighing,
I heard him broken-hearted say,—
'Passing away—passing away.'

D. M.

T H E R E D M A N .

THE voice of earth's millions of toilers was still,
 And midnight was sleeping on valley and hill;
 The stars had arisen in splendor, to strew
 Their silver along o'er the world-spangled blue,
 And, lending majestic their beautiful light,
 Were sparkling like gems on the mantle of Night;
 The moon, 'mid the starlight and azure unfurled,
 Was bathing in glory the slumbering world,
 And enthroned in the zenith of beauty and blue,
 Was tinging the landscape with silvery hue.
 While in magical sweetness her glorious beams
 Danced bright on the surface of lakes and of streams,
 A voice thus breathed forth on my ear from the gale
 That sighed o'er the mountain, the hill-top, and vale:

The Red Man! the Red Man! the last of his race
 Must soon press the valley in death's cold embrace!
 For his fathers have fallen, his name and his kin, —
 And no longer brave chieftains the battle begin;
 The war-whoop no longer resounds o'er the hill,
 For the voices that raised it for ever are still.
 Each mountain and hill-side, each valley and plain,
 Is a grave for his kin and his countrymen slain;
 Each lake and each river, each streamlet has fed
 Its waters anew, as the Red Man has bled!

The Red Man! the Red Man has faded away,
 But not like a flower, the child of a day;
 With boldness undaunted he stood the rude shock,
 And moved not, awhile, like an unyielding rock,
 That braves the wild billows that dash 'gainst its side,
 But which their mad fury can never divide —
 That defies enraged Ocean, its thunder and roar,
 And the surges that leap to the wave-beaten shore;
 But his foes were too mighty — his arm sought the plain,
 And he never can rear it for vengeance again.

From the wilds of the north, where the cold breezes blow,
 Where Winter sits throned 'mid the icebergs and snow,
 Where the blast-arrowed demon wings dreary his flight
 O'er the wide waste that slumbers in darkness and night,
 To bright tropic climes, where, 'mid Summer unrolled,
 The hill-tops are bathed in the sun's brightest gold;
 Where the valleys are decked with the choicest of flowers,
 And the landscapes are watered by gentlest showers;
 From the wood-mantled wilds of Pacific's lone shore,
 Where the storm-aroused surges dash ever and roar,
 Where Columbia's waters exultingly leap
 Majestically forth to the fathomless deep, —
 To the shores of Atlantic, where wilder the waves,
 And fiercer the surge that eternally raves,
 Where the crag-work is laved by the foam and the brine, —
 He has pointed in triumph, and said, '*It is mine!*'
 But the white man has triumphed! his whirlwinds of war
 Have been cast o'er this land like a simoom afar.
 The Red Man has quailed in its withering path,
 Like a tall oak that bends 'neath the Thunderer's wrath,

That's tossed to and fro 'mid the tempest-charged air —
 That totters and falls 'mid the lightning's broad glare!
 With its storm-splintered trunk and its roots cast around,
 And its blast-shattered members, it falls to the ground!
 Thus the Red Man has stood 'mid the whirlwinds of war,
 When the demon of Conquest sprung fresh to his car,
 Exulting to find in this forest-clad land
 A fagot-pile, waiting his hell-lighted brand!
 Thus majestic he fell, as majestic he stood,
 Defending his soil with the last of his blood!

He fell in the valley,—the mountains shall keep
 Their cloud-piercing vigils above his lone sleep;
 He fell on the hill-top,—the planets shall view
 His coffinless grave from their pathway of blue;
 He fell by the sea,—on its wood-mantled shore —
 His voice shall be heard in its billowy roar;
 He fell by the streamlet,—its gurgling flow
 Shall prolong in its murmurs his deathword of woe!

But his race all extinguished, forgotten his name,
 He shall live not, except in his murderer's fame!
 Bright spires now arise where his cabin once stood,
 And the fires of his council are quenched in his blood.
 His forests now rear their proud branches no more
 To wave in the breezes of every shore.
 Like the leaves of those forests, when Autumn's cold breath
 Wrapt their once verdant beauty in darkness and death,
 So the Red Man is destined to fade and decay,
 While none shed a tear as he passes away.

A. C. HALLS.

De Ruyter, N. Y., 1853.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND CHARACTER.

*Point de Galle, Ceylon, Dec. 27, '51**'A brave old island, very fruitful and fair.'*

I MADE a pleasant excursion to-day, with some of 'ours,' to a cinnamon-grove, distant about four miles from this charming little village, where black-eyed maidens and bottle-nosed soldiers do much abound. Our road lay along the sea; its rollers breaking on the beach to the left of us, sending a snowy sheet of spray nearly to the wheels of our *bandy*; while on our right was a dense forest of cocoa-nut trees, interspersed occasionally with the oleander and the areca. Upon our arrival at the grove, we met with a most hospitable reception from its obliging proprietor, Mr. V——, who, after walking over his estate with us, and offering to us divers kinds of luscious fruit, which might have tempted the palate of an anchorite, kindly set us across the river Gindurah, which flows within a stone's-throw of his mansion, and showed us many rare shrubs and flowers on its opposite bank. On our route, we fell in with a Cingalese female, who, so soon as she laid eyes upon us, dropped the basket of cocoa-nuts which she was carrying on her head, and fled toward the *jungle* like a wild woman, notwithstanding the protestations of our companion, who spoke her language fluently, that we were well-disposed persons, and could not be hired to do her an injury at any price. Re-

crossing the river on a bridge of boats, we betook ourselves to the *bandy*, and shaped a course for the *chaitya*, or temple of 'Goutamee Buddha.' This is of a quadrangular form, about fifty feet by thirty at the base, and somewhat smaller at the top. It is built of brick, and, rising to the height of a hundred feet, presents a somewhat imposing appearance. Near it are two smaller buildings in which are placed colossal images of Vishnu and Siva, and a host of inferior deities, of which 'some be like a cow, some like a monkey, some like peacocks, and some like the devil,' a shed covered with *cadjans*, or cocoa-nut leaves, called '*bana madna*,' or place where the holy book is read; and a *dagoba*, or pyramid of stone, beneath which, it is said, lie buried idols of gold and silver, and precious stones, to the value of two millions of dollars. Of this, however, as a friend of mine would say, I have my doubts. Entering the *chaitya*, we were ushered into a sort of chapel of circular form, which occupies the centre of it. In the farther end of this, facing the door of entrance, sits Gaudama, the last of the Budhas, with his legs folded under him like a tailor at work, or a Turk on his divan, and his hands resting in his lap. His complexion is yellow, cheeks rosy, eyes large and dark, and his proboscis, of goodly dimensions, resembles a hawk's, or the Duke of Wellington's, as you please; and, barring an unpleasant 'drooping of the eye-lids,' I should pronounce his godship 'a marvellous proper man.' 'There were giants in those days,' too, it seems, for he measures just twenty-seven feet from his loins up. The walls of the corridor which surrounds the chapel are ornamented with frescoes illustrative of various Buddhist legends. Asking our driver to explain them, he answered, 'Oh, for make pretty!' But as this reply seemed to me a cousin-german of the '*es cosa de los moros*,' of the Andalusians, or the '*quien sabe*' of the Mexicans, I was not fully satisfied with it, and I looked around for some one to gratify my curiosity. Nor had I to wait long. An old *bonye* who stood near, seeing my embarrassment, stepped forward and proffered his services. He was a jolly-looking fellow, was this priest. There was a merry twinkle about his eyes which betrayed a spice of fun in his composition, and his Stiggins nose said, as plainly as nose can speak, 'I'm a devilish sight more at home over the wassail-bowl than as an officiating *bonye* of the exacting Budha.' Were I a Pythagorean, I should certainly believe his body to be animated by the soul of that model of *religiosos*, the stout-fisted, strong-headed Friar Tuck. There was an earnestness of manner about him, as he related his stories, which was perfectly charming, showing that he related them *con amore*. One of these will serve as a fair sample of the rest. I would call the reader's particular attention to it, from the fact, that it proves conclusively, that either he or the driver, his interpreter, had some slight acquaintance not only with Roman history, but with the story of 'Martin Scot of the Fifth, and the coon,' and that of the 'Duke of Buckingham's head,' which Shakspeare neglected to write; and yet, every writer speaks of these people as utterly ignorant of every thing beyond their own country.

'A hard old sinner was King Donnet; he was a Nero in debauchery, and a Caligula in cruelty. He 'kept always on hand' a good assortment of wives; and of his concubines, who were as numerous as the sands of the sea, two were daily skinned alive for his royal diversion. The day

was fine; and the 'Lord of all Ceylon' reclined on a silken couch, in 'the garden of flowers.' 'Bring hither my singing-girls, and let them sing a merry drinking-song, to divert their Lord the King!' cried he, imperiously. They came, these captives of a distant land, but their hearts were heavy, and how *could* they sing? They laid down their *tam-tams*, and, looking sorrowfully into each other's faces, wept bitterly. 'Hey-day!' cried old Donnet, in a pet, 'tears in the garden of flowers? Off with their heads! so much for the lachrymose maidens!' After this, he *tiffened* upon an ox, and drank a barrel of beer, and then went forth unattended, as was his custom, in quest of game. He had scarce gone a mile from his palace, when an enormous *tusker* started up from the jungle, and, *trumpeting* fearfully, made directly at him. He had discharged two arrows at the enraged animal, without effect, when, his bow breaking, he was left entirely unarmed. 'By the beard of my father,' cried the terrified Donnet, turning his back to his antagonist, and scampering off as fast as his fat legs could carry him, 'but this is not exactly the chase I admire. Every dog, however, has his day, so the book says, and every elephant has *his*, too, I presume.'

'So saying, off he went, and the *tusker*, 'off went he;' but alas! it soon became evident to the distressed monarch, that his burly enemy was devilish good at a game of 'all-fours,' and that unless he got up a *Jack*, or some other tree shortly, there would be mourning in the 'palace of ivory.' And now the beast was close at his heels, tearing up the young trees as he came.

'I'm a gone king,' said poor Donnet, looking back over his shoulder; 'a moment more and I shall sleep with my fathers.'

'At this critical instant, a lance, cast by a woman's hand, pierced the fierce tusker's heart, and, without a groan, he fell dead at the monarch's feet.

'A good shot,' cried the delighted Donnet, as, raising his eyes, he beheld the fair Amazon, his deliverer, standing under a cocoa-nut tree, at no great distance. She was the blue-eyed Palayana, widow of the late *Raja* Rampoota, whom the king had caused to be roasted alive in an oven some few months before, 'just to see,' as he said, 'how a *raja* would die!' She was drawing nigh, holding out to him a *coroomba*, or young cocoa-nut, which she had just plucked from the tree, when, by the *moone-stone*, which he wore in his nose, she recognized him as her sovereign, the destroyer of her loved husband; and, quick as thought, she turned from him and fled to the *jungle*. A miserable man was King Donnet that night. He turned and *re-turned*; but the devil a bit of slumber would visit his pillow. The day had scarce dawned when he called his *adigar*, or prime minister, to his bed-side, and bade him, as he valued his life, to bring Palayana to him ere the rising of the sun. One hour more, and she stood trembling in his presence, with her babe clasped tightly to her throbbing breast.

'Wilt thou marry me?' said the king, in a low, soft voice.

'Thou knowest it is against the custom of the women of my *caste* to marry a second time,' replied the widow, meekly.

'If thou consentest not within five minutes, thy nursling shall die!' rejoined the now irritated monarch.

'Now, Budha, be merciful to me,' said the poor woman, sorrowfully; 'but I cannot be guilty of this wickedness.'

‘Then pay the forfeit of thy obstinacy!’

‘As the king spake, he snatched the babe from her arms, and cutting its throat from ear to ear, dashed it on the floor. The widow stood a moment with her eyes turned toward heaven. She spake not nor shed one tear; then her heart *burst*, and she expired in the presence of her sovereign covered with blood.’

The remaining figures of this picture being of equal length, and all, *save one*, having an equal number of feet, I recognized it at once, as *pictorial poetry*. The priest recited it thus; or perhaps I should say, rather, this is the knight of the whip’s version of it:

‘And then were heard strange voices in the air, and
Oh, horror of horrors! at once there arose
The leg of a Budha with ‘shocking bad’ toes,
All covered with blood, Sir, and not over-clean,
The ugliest leg now that ever was seen.
And, moreover, there was, too, a huge head upon it,
The mouth of which said to the cruel King DONNET:
‘Thou monster of monsters! thou son of a gun!
I’ll be shot if I don’t put a stop to your fun.
By the leaves of the *Bo* tree, this night thou shalt be
With the *dewtas* of hell, ere the clock has struck three.’
Then he bowed to the court, like a Budha well bred,
Walked thrice round the room on the crown of his head,
Gave two or three groans, and a hideous squeal,
And rolled o’er the floor in the shape of a wheel;
Next making the sign of the Boodh on the door,
With the blood from his heel, disappeared through the floor.

Now, dreadful to tell, Sir, that very same night
King DONNET he died in a terrible fright;
And the picture next shows him fast chained in *Gehenna*,
With nothing to feed on, save nauseous senna,
And a small taste of treacle mixed in a cup,
While two devils, with pitch-forks, are *stirring him up*.
And snug, Sir, in heaven this picture too shows
That very same leg with the *shocking bad toes*,
And the fair PALAYANA decked out for a ball,
With the Raja RAMPOOTA, the baby and all!’

MORAL BY THE DRIVER.

‘And now, my dear Christian, a word in your ear:
Be sure that you ever hold Budhas in fear;
And if you would profit by King DONNET’s fall,
Don’t *never touch women nor babies at all!*’

Point de Galle, Ceylon, January 1st, ’52.

‘Now for my part,’ said SANCHE, ‘I verily believe there may be some good people even in hell itself.’

BEFORE six yesterday morning, Mr. Stockton and myself were on the road to the Rev. Dr. G.’s place, said to be the highest land within ten miles of Galle. The air at this early hour was refreshingly cool, owing to the copious showers of the preceding night; the birds were flitting merrily to and fro in the neighboring forests; and our little pony—‘a rum one to look at, but a great one to go’—appeared to be in as high spirits as ourselves, and carried us over the ground at a slapping pace, soon setting us down at the foot of the hill on which is perched the Doctor’s *bungalow*. The ascent to this we found no easy matter; but when we had reached the small patch of table-land immediately in front of it,

a scene burst upon our view which amply repaid us for our previous toil. To the south was the Indian Ocean, its limpid waters unbroken, save by two distant barks, whose sails were gently sleeping in the morning breeze; to the north-east lay the Nuweira Ellia plains, covered with luxuriant vegetation; to the east rose a hill of conical shape; and to the right of this shot up, almost perpendicularly, a lofty mountain, whose aspiring summit was lost amid the clouds. This last is more than seven thousand feet high, and is called by the Mahommedans, 'Adam's Peak,' the father of the human family, when driven out of Paradise, having fallen, according to one of their legends, with one foot at Mecca and the other here, where it has left its impress; but the Buddhist, when he approaches this sacred mount, averts his eyes, and inclining himself reverently, with his forehead touching the earth, deposits upon it his humble offering of fruits and flowers—for the spot where a Budha has trodden is holy ground to him. Gladly would I have devoted a day to gazing upon the lovely scenery which surrounded us, but the bright sun now began to admonish us of the necessity of seeking a shelter from his rays; so descending the hill we gave the reins to the pony, and were in town in a *jiffy*. After breakfast I sallied from 'mine inn,' and betook myself to the bridge which crosses the Mohammodese canal, to see two carrier-pigeons dispatched to Colombo, with the latest news from England; after which I returned to town and commenced sauntering idly about the streets. I had not gone far when I fell in with a number of Terpsichore's Indian disciples, whose performance certainly exceeded every thing in her line which I had previously seen or read of. They were seven in all. Four boys, in loose white jackets and trowsers, and red caps and sashes, whose disparity of size would have afforded unlimited satisfaction to that enthusiastic admirer of strong contrasts, Mr. Vincent Crummies; two women dressed in the most fantastic costume imaginable, with head-dresses of gutta-percha snakes, curiously interwoven; and lastly, a small, thin-visaged, hump-backed man, rigged in the peculiar style in which His Satanic Majesty is supposed to array himself on festive occasions, with frightfully long beard, awfully projecting teeth, and a hat of goodly dimensions, formed of dragons' heads, and ornamented with toads, lizards, and scorpions. The youngsters were formed in square, and danced, for the most part, on the left leg, while the women *pirouetted* in a circle around them; but Master Hunchback, the while, stalked moodily to and fro, it being evidently his duty to keep the crowd at bay, so that the dancers might have a fair opportunity for the display of their heels. He occasionally beguiled his arduous labors, however, by turning a half-dozen somersets in the air and alighting on his head, to the nos mall gratification of the *natives*; nor could I find it in my heart to blame him for twice transforming himself into the shape of a dog, and growling and showing his teeth to those refractory persons who refused to keep at a respectful distance. The next objects that demanded my attention were two Buddhist pilgrims on their way to some celebrated shrine near Kandy. Their vestments were of yellow cloth, their faces stained with a mixture of *chunam* and yellow ochre, and they were borne on the shoulders of four men, while four others held over their heads a silken canopy. The elder of the pilgrims had the skin of some small animal drawn tight across his upper lip and chin.

This was designed to represent beard, and, to tell the honest truth, it was quite *Julian* in its populousness. The younger had a number of broken-bladed knives closely fastened to his forehead and temples with glue or some other cement resembling it. The flesh around these knives being dyed red gave them, at first sight, the appearance of being driven nearly to the hilt in the flesh, and gave rise to many expressions of sympathy and horror from the simple-hearted Cingalese. Next came a magician swallowing swords, and vomiting forth fire and flames, and then a singing, or rather *howling* woman, before whose music, 'more melodious than the spheres,' I beat a hasty retreat, nor thought myself safe until I had intrenched myself behind a well-supplied table at the Victoria hotel, and fortified the 'inner man' with a goodly portion of that kind of valor of which Neale makes mention on a certain page of his life of Slider Downhill. Toward evening I hired a guide, and bent my steps toward the temple of Parama Muda, to call on a priest who had visited our ship the preceding day, and made a very favorable impression upon us all. He is of the Siamese sect of Buddhists, being appointed to his office by the high-priest of Siam, and is well spoken of here as a man of much intelligence and some erudition. I found him in a small chamber of the *pan-sella*, a priest's house, which serves him, so he informed me, as a study. He was seated before a small ebony table, diligently perusing one of his sacred books; but the instant the sound of my foot-steps fell upon his ear, he rose, and, extending his hand to me, with a winning smile bade me welcome to his humble mansion. After I had partaken of the usual refreshment, cocoa-nut water, he proceeded to display his curiosities for my inspection. These consisted of several handsomely-illuminated copies of the writings of Budha, bound in velvet, and covered with a silken cloth, elaborately-embroidered in gold and silver thread, a huge gilt umbrella, and a leaf of the identical *Bo gaha* under which the last Budha came into existence. All are presents from the king of Siam; and this last, he assured me very gravely, is of immense value, it being the only leaf (save one in the possession of the emperor of China) which has been preserved from 'the sacred tree.' He also showed me a painting of Budha's foot, as carved on a rock in the Nerbudda river. This represents it of the full size. It is four and a half feet long, and one and a half broad, and decidedly chubby. We now entered the *chaitya*, where were three statues of Gaudama. Two of these he pointed out to me as somewhat remarkable, the one being of Hindoostani workmanship, and over two thousand years old; the other of Aracan manufacture, inlaid with talc and glass. The decorations on the walls of this temple were similar to those I had seen in that of 'Goutamee Boodha;' but it differs from all the others I have seen in the island in this respect, that not a single image of a Brahmin deity had place there. Observing this, and wishing to say something complimentary to my kind entertainer, I remarked:

'I see you preserve your religion pure; undefiled by the superstitions of the Brahmins.'

The remark seemed to find a responsive chord in his heart, for he immediately broke forth into loud lamentations over the fallen state of Buddhism in Ceylon, which he ascribed to the Malay kings who held rule over the island for some hundreds of years, saying that they had

ingrafted upon the *pure religion* of Budha all the *vulgar errors* of the Brahmins. He now presented me with two small gilt images of Gaudama, and a copy of his sacred book, written in *Pali*, a dialect of the Sanscrit, and then led the way to the *vehase*, or monastery, where I saw a troop of idiotic, lazy priests in yellow vestments; after which we returned to his *pansella*, where we held a long conversation on various topics. He narrated to me many interesting incidents connected with his travels in India and the Burmese Empire, where he had passed some ten years of his life, and questioned me very closely in turn about Europe and the United States; and when I had given him a brief account of our government and institutions, he remarked, forgetful, apparently, of what he had previously said about the Brahmins: 'That must be a good country where men make their own laws, and all are permitted to worship as they please.' Then, after giving me a detailed account of his belief, he *read* for me from one of his holy books in a manner so precisely resembling the chanting of the monks of Italy and Spain, that I no longer wondered that the less enlightened Roman Catholic missionaries were induced to believe, from the celibacy of the Boodhist priests and their other observances so closely allied to Catholicism, that the two religions were 'one and the same.' In fact, this worthy father in dress resembled the Franciscan order of friars, and in personal appearance he was not unlike a Spanish cardinal whom I saw at Portici not quite two years ago in attendance upon the Pope, save that the face of the *bonye* was less expressive of pride and ambition than the Cardinal's, and, setting aside the doctrine of the divinity of CHRIST, the faith of the Budhist differed not from that of the Roman Catholic. His heaven was not the *nirwana*, or happy siate of unconsciousness of which I had read, but in every respect such as the Christians describe it. And so with his hell; while his belief that the souls of those who had neither merited the joys of heaven, nor yet incurred the penalties of hell were condemned after death to inhabit the bodies of those animals whom they had most resembled in this life, savored to me strongly of a *transmigratory purgatory*. The sun had long since set when I took my leave and started homeward; and I was just about commencing my descent from the elevation on which the *chaitya* and *vehase* are built, when, looking back, I saw the good *padre* coming after me. When he drew near, he stretched out his hand and gave me a piece of net-work, somewhat like a girl's sampler, in which was worked the figure of an animal resembling a *guana*.

'Take this, young man,' said he; 'it is the only treasure I have to bestow on thee. Some years ago, the cholera raged fearfully throughout the kingdom of Siam. The *dewtas* were displeased with man; and, to appease their wrath, it became necessary to hang the image of this animal, which is sacred to them, throughout the land. This, which was suspended before the outer gate of the principal temple of Bankok, was sent to me by the high priest in commemoration of the event. Keep it carefully, my son, for thou hast a weary pilgrimage before thee, and it will preserve thee from harm; and it may serve, too, to bring sometimes to mind the remembrance of a feeble old man who, in the solitude of his closet, will oft times think of thee.' Then, laying his hand upon his head,

'May Budha be merciful to thee!' said he, and departed.

I must confess that this simple act of kindness made a great impression upon me. I can see the kind old man now as he stood on the brow of that hill, with his fine eyes turned toward heaven, and gave me his parting benediction. With a mind enlarged by travel, and matured by study and reflection, he had all the meekness and simplicity of a little child. And THOU, GOD, wilt not forsake him, for THOU knowest that the heart of the despised Buddhist may be as pure as that which beats beneath the flowing robe of an Episcopal bishop, or the strait-laced garment of the Methodist divine.

As I walked on at a slow pace toward the town, I would fain have been left to my reflections; but this formed no part of my guide's intention. The moon had risen and threw a flood of silver-light across our path, and, unluckily for me, the fellow's spirits had risen with it, and he was determined to have a chat with me, *nolens volens*; so I resigned myself to my fate.

'A good omen,' said he, as we met a water-cart; and then he entertained me with a long list of bad and good omens; and when I laughed at his folly, he said: 'Master laugh, but it certain true what my say.'

Happening just then to espy a cocoa-nut tree bound with several red and blue cords, I approached to get a nearer view of it, when, quick as thought, my garrulous friend exclaimed:

'That devil-tree! don't touch it, Master, lest the fate of Toohan should befall you.'

'And what was that?'

The story which he told to me in reply would be worth relating could I give his exact words. Its purport was as follows: A century ago, there lived in the southern part of Ceylon, a man named Toohan, a worthless varlet who feared not God nor man. One day, being at work in the woods, and feeling thirsty, he determined to pluck a cocoa-nut from a devil-tree, let what would come of it. His wife Fatima warned him of the consequences of this rash act, saying, 'Thou knowest it is forbidden to those not belonging to the priesthood to eat thereof.' But 'a wilful man must have his way;' so Toohan ate of the tree, and straightway was transformed into a loathsome reptile, half-lizard, half-snake. Fatima fled from him and took refuge in a cave near Adam's Peak, where she devoted her whole life to prayer and supplication on her husband's behalf. At length, Budha, moved by her tears and entreaties, commanded the *dewtas*, or evil spirits, to restore Toohan to his original shape. This was done, but by the malice of the *head-demon* he was deprived of his senses, and like the madman of Cordoba who, after the beating he received from the yard-stick of the cap-maker, thought every dog he fell in with a hound, so mad Toohan believed every article of food to be the production of a devil-tree; and 'no,' he would say, 'I cannot eat this; it is only lawful for the priests to eat thereof.' So, of course, he soon died of hunger. And the natives *cross* themselves as they pass poor Toohan's grave, and pray to Budha to preserve them from a similar destiny. That night when I parted from my guide I bestowed upon him a small gratification over and above his ordinary hire.

'It is,' said I, 'for your story.'

'Ah, Master,' he replied, grinning, and showing his teeth from ear to ear; 'water-cart very good omen for poor Cingalee!'

F. A. P.

LYRICS OF THE MODERN CONQUEST.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY COPPÉE, U. S. A.

THE ASSAULT UPON CONTRERAS.

'Arm! arm! ye Romans, young and old!
Strike valiantly for home!'
The voice pealed from the Senate porch,
For Gothic catapult and torch
Thundered and blazed at Rome.

Then not alone the legions rushed
On Gothic spear and shield,
But Senators with myrtle crowned,
And youths whose locks the fillet bound,
Made haste to take the field.

So in the Aztec capital
A voice in thunder cried,
When on the fertile table-land,
Hungry for blood, the Northern band
Poured its resistless tide.

Then up rose young and old in haste
To stay the war's dark flood;
Then issuing from the city wall,
The gallant 'Guardia Nacional,'*
Swept to the field of blood.

Ay, there were none within the gates
Who answered not that cry;
Then marts were closed in holy zeal;
Bell tolled to bell with stirring peal,
And men went forth to die.

They reached a wild and beetling spot,
Where inner force has hurled
Strange rocks with devilish tracery wreathed,
Long since, when this fair valley seethed,
The cauldron of a world.

And here they stood impregnable
And confident that day,
While, stretching far as eye could scan,
Came horse on horse, and man on man,
To hold the foe at bay.

Like hunters who the lion seek
And reach his tangled den,

* THE National Guard, who fought more bravely than any Mexican troops during the campaign, was composed of the young gentlemen of Mexico, and organized to repel the invasion of the city.

Where darkness dwells with frightful moan,
And bones and blood around are strown —
The bones and blood of men :

So on the pedregal's stern brow,
With doubtful front we lay ;
Between were cragged rocks and rifts,
And oozing streams and slippery drifts,
A labyrinthian way.

We crossed it at the dead of night,
'Mid gloom and falling rain,
While now and then across our path
The roaring guns' illumined wrath
Came lighting up the plain.

Ah ! many a heart was sad that night,
And many a soldier sighed,
For never in such evil case
Had men met Danger face to face
With Grim DEATH at his side.

'T was dark without and dark within ;
Our fortune's hope was gone ;
When rose the CÆSAR of that field,
One born to conquer, not to yield ;
He came, he saw, he won ! *

The rain has ceased ; the early clouds
Rise from the mountains dun ;
Slow, bright'ning from the eastern vale,
Broad streaks of white and gold impale
The pathway of the sun.

And silently we gain their rear
In the dim morn like a ghost ;
Our 'hope' is organized, and flies,
While yet no sound is heard to rise
From either watching host.

One moment ! Like ten thousand drums
The musketry rolls out ;
While like the bass-drum's booming knells,
The cannons' diapason swells,
With many a mingled shout.

A gallant storm ; a thousand shouts !
And lo ! the foes fly fast ;
In maddest haste, in wild alarms,
They break their ranks, they leave their arms,
Like chaff before the blast.

Ah ! goodly prisoners and spoil
Were heaped in precious store ;
Statesmen and Presidents were there,
And gallant dead with raven hair,
Lay weltering in their gore.

* GENERAL PERSIFOR SMITH, by the absence of ranking-officers, fell in command, and upon him devolved all the responsibility, as to him belongs the glory, of this entire action.

But let me tell you more than all
 What made our pulses bound:
 There, shining in that early light,
 As once at Buena Vista's fight,
 Our captured guns were found.*

Then, soldiers bronzed and grimly-faced,
 Gave strange emotion flow,
 And tears of joy fell thick and fast,
 To greet these long-lost friends at last,
 And turn them on the foe.

Sound, trumpet! for the victors! joy and gladness
 Do well become the valiant and the brave.
 Wail, trumpet! for the dying! tears and sadness
 Fall nobly on the Christian soldier's† grave.

O U R O L D C H U R C H .

A SKETCH FROM AN ACTUALITY.

BY G. D. TIMEKEEPER, GENT.

IN my memory, looking back through many years, our old church stands out in as definite relief as yonder maple, now beginning to drop its leaves, does against this pale autumnal sky.

It is the most prominent object in my boyish remembrance. I am glad that it is so. I thought it then the noblest and most wonderful piece of architecture that the world could show. I think so now. Since those days of simplicity, I have been permitted to doze under the influence of faultless moral homilies in many churches of modern ease and luxury — bravely-upholstered, cheerfully-furnished palaces of religion, places of 'fashionable resort;' I have stood on the tessellated floors of grey piles, which counted their age by centuries, when the blare of the tumultuous organ rolled its heavy echoes through the groined arches, and the clear sunlight, streaming through the storied windows, glorified the translucent pictures of ancient saints and martyrs, and the swelling *jubilate* of the choir mingled itself somehow with the tombs of knights around me, with the translucent pictures; and the sense of ages crowding upon me, until my soul was lifted up to visions of long-departed kings and churchmen, of early days of toil, agony, and triumph, of martyrdom, and of ineffable glory; yet from all these I have turned joyfully to the memory of that rude edifice, where first I listened to a public

* Two six-pounders, which after a brave struggle had been lost to the Mexicans by Lieutenant O'BRIEN of the Fourth Artillery at Buena-Vista, were re-taken at Contreras by a company of the same regiment.

† CAPTAIN CHARLES HANSON fell at Contreras. In announcing it in despatches, General SCOTT says: 'He was not more distinguished for gallantry, than for modesty, morals, and piety.'

prayer, and for the first time wondered at the stateliness of Old Hundred. Since then, a confusion of sights and appearances has gathered about my wanderings; statelier shrines, fairer sanctuaries, and more imposing ceremonies, but my heart is true to that. I say I am glad that it is so. I hold it of no small importance that the boy, as he launches into the turmoil of life, with all its selfishness and beguiling heresy, can turn his eye then, and ever after, back to that old land-mark in the fair, or perhaps cloudy field of his memory; and, amid all the doubt, and temptation, and bitterness of life, his eye can meet one stable and fixed object, a type of the simple faith of his fathers. It is second only to that other sanctuary—home. Indeed, I little envy the boy or man, whose heart is not bound by threads that will now and then draw him back to either of these.

Do not think, O reader, too readily snuffing in the air some ‘wind of doctrine,’ that, mounted in the old pulpit, and protected and over-shaded by the sounding-board, I am inveigling you into any manner of preaching. I am not partial to lay sermons; and mine, I fear, would lack two essentials to an effective discourse—piety and an audience!

You who are so fortunate as to have seen any of those puritanic ‘meeting-houses’ that were once so frequent all over the New-England States, and but few of which remain, will know at once what my church was. I say *my* church, because the venerable building was long since sold by its ambitious proprietors, and pulled down, and I do not know but I am the only capitalist who cares to make any investment in, or that there is any one who will dispute my title to, its memory.

It was a very large, square structure, with perhaps no more pretension to architectural merit than an ample barn, only that it was surmounted and renowned by a most wonderful steeple and spire. Two huge folding-doors (without the preface of a vestibule,) opened directly into the main aisle, which led straight to the pulpit. The pulpit was elevated to nearly a level with the deep galleries, that ran round three sides of the building, and it had, in my eyes, all the sanctity of the ‘holy of holies.’ No place has seemed so sacred to me since. No temptation could have induced me to enter it; I think I would sooner have gone past the graveyard alone in the night. It rose in a solid body from the floor, and had no exterior stair-case. Over-awed by its sounding-board, there it stood like an impregnable castle, against which the artillery of this world might brawl in vain. Two doors from below opened into it; one, I was informed, led by a flight of steps to the sacred seat itself; and the other, into a closet of incomprehensible darkness, where such boys as grew unruly on the Lord’s day, were confined. If the seat of the desk symbolized to me the summit of holiness, this closet had all the terrors of that place of ‘outer darkness.’ In the fashionable pulpits of these days, I think, one will not often be reminded of the existence of any such terror.

Upon one week-day, I remember to have ventured into the church with a boy older than myself. I know how I trembled at my presumption, and how my affright rose to little short of terror, when the audacious boy opened the pulpit door, and went a little way up the stair-case. How thankful I was for his escape; and we both scampered out of the

church, waking the slumbering echoes with our hurrying feet; nor did we feel quite assured of our safety, until we had slammed the massive door behind us, with a jar that seemed to arouse great solemn echoes which we could hear roaming about among the deserted pews.

After the fashion of all the churches of that period, the pews were square, with a single row of seats about the sides, so that the members of the family sat facing each other; and the head of the household could keep a watchful eye on the younger branches, who were somewhat disposed to let their attention wander to their young neighbors, who were penned in in like manner. The seats were furnished with hinges, and were always turned back when we stood up to prayer, so that I thought it fine fun, and a sort of relief to the monotony, when they came clattering down, in a sort of chorus to the amen of the preacher.

As the pulpit was so much elevated, and the galleries projected so far over the pews, those in the remote ones could hardly see their preacher; yet this was of little moment, as people went to divine worship in those days, rather to hear than to see; and the stentorian voice of the preacher was well fitted to give any one within a quarter of a mile a pretty good idea of sound, if they had not the quality of deafness remarkably developed.

Of the choir that played so brave a part in the Sabbath's service, I now remember little, except that their tunes were very orthodox, and were sung very loud. Indeed, I believe that loudness was then, and always had been, the most remarkable feature in the music that rose from behind the red curtains of that old gallery. I find in the early records of the church, that my great-grandfather was fined five Yankee shillings for singing too loud a tenor! Yet it seems this attempt to convert his notes into hard currency did not abate his enthusiasm a jot, as the record farther shows that he was removed from the choir altogether, 'in that he maketh so great a noise with his mouth, which befitteth rather the brawling of sinful convocations than the House of the Lord!'

The building, as I have said, was large and somewhat rude, yet its timbers were all of massive proportions, and of sufficient substance to build at least three modern edifices. It was of durable and permanent construction, built to stand for ever, not unlike the plain, strong faith and doctrines of its builders. I may be wrong—I generally am in such matters—yet I cannot but think that the airy and unsubstantial fabrics of these days are also emblematical of the religious notions of their builders; that they are liable to the remodelling of every fancy, or even to be blown to the ground by a strong wind.

But the tall spire: ah, that was the eighth wonder of the world to me; rather, it was the *one* wonder, for I was then in peaceful ignorance that any other part of the earth had ever set up a claim to any. It was surmounted by a fish; a most miraculous piece of carving. I don't know but it is heresy for me to say it, but I think a fish might much more appropriately be set to tell the direction of the marine currents, than of those in the air; yet, for all this, I hold myself ready to defend the use of this symbol by our forefathers, (who were much addicted to the Newfoundland fisheries, I am told,) against the pretensions of the 'flaunting rooster,' which has so frequently been set upon spires as a

triumphant proclamation of the superiority of that church over all neighboring sects and religions whatsoever.

I think a very pretty moral might be drawn from the somewhat modern practice of affixing weather-cocks to our church-spires. It used to be thought sufficient that the spire should point heavenward, adorned only by a plain ball, or a simple cross—an emblem of our faith, which I hope the ‘rooster’ is not, nor the fish neither, for that matter. But our forefathers were practical men. They could not ‘afford’ to rear the spire only as a beautiful object in the landscape. The church must render itself useful on other days, as well as the Sabbath. The spire should not stand idle. At least, it could ‘tell which way the wind was.’ It is an idea every way worthy of the sharp business aspect of the time. I confess, however, it is well it should be so; for the same large class of men who would be seldom led to the Bible, did it not have about it properties grateful to a razor, would as seldom look at a church, could they not steal from it the secret of the weather. The effect is, that our religion, or the place where we keep it, is looked up to. But I wander.

It was a foolish fancy of mine—I give it for what it is worth—that, whether it was fixed by rust, or by association, or by a prevailing wind toward that quarter, the fish in question always pointed toward Cape Cod. Yet the greatest marvel to me was to understand how the fish got there. And it was not until years after, that I met a passage in a heathen poet which seemed to afford some clue to the riddle. He is singing of the great flood in the age of Deucalion and Pyrrha:

‘OMNE quum Proteus pecus egit altos
Viscere montes,
Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo.’

It must have been in some more recent freshet, that the race of fishes not only lodged in the branches of the loftiest elms, but also impaled themselves upon so many church-spires. If any think this is a vein of trifling ill-assorting with the gravity of the theme, I beg to assure them, that I intend it not as such; and that I am as ready as any one to exclaim, in strains of real eloquence, ‘Venerable fish! you have come down to us from a former generation!’

I am convinced, if I neglected to mention him, I should do injustice to the memory of a character who filled a scarcely less prominent place in my boyish world than the minister himself, and who certainly was regarded with no less awe: I refer to the TITHING-MAN. He was the public conservator of order and decorum on the Sabbath. Our tithing-man was of burly, and, it seemed to me, giant frame, with cruel countenance, and a great shock of bushy hair. He carried in his hand, as a sort of baton of office, a staff or pole, not less than ten feet in length. During the service, he usually sat in the gallery, with his sharp eyes always on the alert for offenders; and woe be to the boy who indulged in whispering, or in unfortunate rustling of hymn-book leaves! The keeper of silence immediately descended upon him, with his terrible staff, and either hurried the urchin to his own seat, or administered such a rebuke as well grounded the boy in sanctified decorum for ever after. And at the noon-intermission he seemed every where present, striding about like Polyphemus with his pine-tree, ‘trunca manum pinus regit,’

(alas and alas! that I could not bring the artillery of the citation farther to bear on him as one 'cui lumen ademptum,' but his eye-sight was wonderful!) making an example of any unfortunate youth who broke the quiet by profane whistling, and carrying terror to the souls of the boys who had ensconced themselves in the Deacon's ark of a wagon, to lounge in the high-backed seats, and to try the 'cracker' of his Sunday whip. He caused in me more dread and heart-quaking than any other man ever did, then or since. But he has gone to his grave long ago, and his office sleeps with him. I bear him and it no malice, and perhaps he contributed not a little to make me the quiet man I am.

It seems but the last Sabbath, that, a bit of a lad, I sat in that old church, with so many solemn and decorously-dressed people about me. Again it is summer. The last vibration of the bell has died away among the hills. The congregation has assembled. A long line of wagons fills the sheds and skirts the fence, and the horses stamp impatiently, and wrangle their bits.

Within doors, how still it is! till a hymn is read, and the ambitious choir salute the holy morning with a quavering anthem. Then we rise for the almost interminable prayer, and compose ourselves again for the sermon, with a universal din of clattering seats and rustling garments. The sermon proceeds. The preacher waxes louder and louder in reproof and warning. Yet every body is very composed and self-complacent; no one seems to think 'he is the man.'

Subsequent experience has taught me that *the* identical man was never yet found, in any congregation.

I sit, lost in a sort of reverential wonder. The preacher fills the vast house with sound, but it floats idly round me, for I cannot comprehend a word of what he utters. The seat is a world too high for me, and I get uneasy at my devotions. My eye wanders about the congregation. Again and again, they rest on the sweet face of Mary K——, a girl older than I, (although I think myself pretty well advanced in life) with 'sad'-colored eyes, and brown ringlets.

Or, I look up to the gallery. There is a man there who always 'makes faces' at me, and frightens me with his great, wide-opened eyes. He grows to be a real terror to me. I wonder if he, and men like him, will be permitted to 'make faces,' and frighten little boys in Heaven! On second thought, I entertain doubts about the man; doubts not very flattering to him, in relation to his future state. It is only a doubt, however, as I am not yet settled in my theological notions. I do not like to look at him, so I turn to the pure, girlish face of Mary K——. There, at least, I have no doubts. No, I am mistaken; I am doubtful of myself. As before, compared with the large-eyed man in the gallery, I felicitated myself on being little less than a spotless cherub; so now, in the presence of her who is the image of purity to me, I find my goodness oozing away very rapidly. Goodness is relative. I do not draw this inference, however. I only think it very queer that I should seem like two different persons in one.

Notwithstanding the voice of the preacher, the quiet is unbroken, and it becomes excessively tiresome. The windows are raised, and the large folding-doors thrown open. The drowsy sounds of the holy day come

in at them. I would give any thing to go and sit on the steps out-doors. It looks so inviting and comfortable out there. The stilly hum of summer insects is borne in with the slight breeze. I can hear the quick stamp of the horses, kicking at the flies; and the shrill, prolonged crow of the cock, that is always perched upon the fence. Perhaps he is crowing his defiance at the fish. How his cheerful notes ring in the silence. Yet they do not disturb it, 'so drowsily it crew!'

It is a great relief to me, when the sermon is ended. It seems to be to every body; for there is a cheerful bustle in breaking up, faces smile again, and we all walk out of the church as if a great load had removed from us. I keep a sharp look-out for the tithing-man, however.

It is with the sensation of one awaking from a dream, that I attempt to pen the following paragraphs. I shrink from it, and would rather linger always in the dear reverie of the old days. But it may not be. Reveries of antiquity are at a discount, and dreams are not on the list of stocks in the market.

One Saturday in August, after an absence of many years, the 'express' set me down at the smart 'hotel' (erewhile tavern) in my native village. The host who met me was not the 'publican of jolly face' who held rule there formerly, pleasing to Bacchus; yet justice compels me to say, that the seedy row of 'sinners' on the bench by the door, might have been the same who used to discuss politics and horse-flesh in the old bar-room. It is a race, which, I fear, will never run out. But the village was not the one of my remembrance. It had become thrifty and prosperous. New buildings had sprung up, old ones had been re-modelled into fashion, and sometimes elegance, and every thing wore an aspect of activity and spruceness, which it was painful to see. The old church, too, was torn down, and a new edifice, in all the bravery of fresh paint and green blinds, occupied its site.

I suppose it is all proper that trade should prosper and commerce flourish; that houses should look modern and stylish, and people become affluent and ambitious, and the whole country grow utilitarian and 'fast,' and all that; that we should shove our venerable churches one side, as people thrust their grandfathers into the chimney-corner when they get old: certainly, certainly; of course it is. No doubt the new church is every way more comfortable and commodious than the old one was, and the villagers are proud of it. I hope they are. And yet, (and I speak the word with all the reluctance of a school-boy who admits every charge against him, and *yet*, will plead for favor,) if you will allow a foolish fellow his whim, I would much rather have seen the old church there; the store-house of so many cherished memories; the old church that had grown gray and venerable in the service of God.

And I suppose, furthermore, that the congregation that assembled on the Sabbath morning was fully as intelligent and respectable as the former generation, who sleep in their grave-ground; they certainly put on more airs and gayer apparel. And the sermon, no doubt, was more elegant and more acceptable, for skilful men have learned to spice the 'strong meat, of the Word,' to tempt fastidious palates. I have no com-

plaint to make. We are a progressive people. Yet it rudely jarred upon my recollections, that this innovating bubble should usurp the old quiet of the place. I missed the tithing-man; and I looked in vain for the ugly disturber of my peace in the gallery. I think I could have welcomed even him. Perhaps I might have rendered him frightful, stare for stare; *similia similibus*, etc.: you understand.

But there was one link, though a frail one, that bound this scene to the old familiar days. Just as the service commenced, a woman, of timid and shrinking mien, entered the church and sat down near the door. She was not old, though misery and want caused her to seem so. I could not mistake the form and the yet gentle face. For all the sad ravages and decay of beauty, it was yet Mary K——. As she lived in my memory, with that full, womanly form, winning face, 'lips untempted and sparkling zone,' she was all elegance and purity.

I am not about to tell her history. It is the old story. Already, a thousand times, you have heard the same story and the moral.

I used to hear of her as the life of merry-makings and assemblies, for miles around, and the whole country was raving of her beauty. Then, she had fled from her home, and, they said, had been abandoned in the wilderness of the great city, and her name was never mentioned save in a whisper, or by scornful lips. After some years, she had come back to the old village once more, and now, as I learned, a poor, broken-hearted woman, came, each Sabbath, to pray for forgiveness and mercy, in the new church—she who had been the most guileless child of them all, in the old. She shall find it. And, I thought, is she more guilty and sinful now, than before temptation had beset her path? And how much more shall we despise her than those haughty maidens, haughty in untried virtue, who scornfully sweep past her in their pomp of silks, as she stands there, so scantily clothed, with such meek, downcast eyes, trembling in the door-way.

And, I thought, as we stepped out into the sunlight, whatever scorn and contumely shall chase her to the grave—scorn, fierce enough to scorch the very grass that grows upon it—she shall not be a despised one and a Pariah for ever, but live 'kissed and crowned' in the OLD CHURCH above.

C R A D L E S O N G .

SLEEP on, my darling child, and dream
That innumerable pinions,
From God's measureless dominions,
Round thy little cradle gleam.

Sleep, my little child, and see,
How good children here are mortal,
So that, passing Death's dark portal,
They may holy angels be.

M A I T R E J A C Q U E S .

BY J. W. DE FOREST.

'WANDERING a few days since through the streets of the quiet little city of Nyon, on the shores of Lake Lemman, I came upon the bronze effigy of a knight in full armor, grasping a lance in his right hand, and standing stiff and bolt upright on his stone pedestal. I addressed several persons in the street, and in one of the neighboring shops, and asked them whom the statue represented. 'Oh, it is Maitre Jacques,' was the reply. 'And who, then, was Maitre Jacques?' 'But I cannot tell. I do not know.' The figure is evidently ancient, probably representing some Swiss warrior, or Savoyard noble, of the times when the banks of Lake Lemman were still the theatre of war between those two nations. Its position is awkward, and its workmanship sufficiently rude; but it interested me infinitely, because of its grimness, and because nobody could tell me any thing about it. The result of the adventure was the few lines which I now enclose to you.'—NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

I.

A STERN and brazen figure stands
In Nyon's calm and narrow street,
And clenches in his arméd hands
A lance for such a warrior meet:
As though he yet stood sentinel,
And listened for the battle's yell.

II.

The helmet shades his visage grim,
The massy hauberk sheathes his breast:
Each motionless and rigid limb
In warlike panoply is drest;
And, with a cold lack-lustre eye,
He gazes on the passer-by.

III.

He faces toward the Alpine height,
And toward Geneva's lake of blue;
But they are hidden from his sight
By walls which men will build anew
From ruins, in some future day,
When he shall still resist decay.

IV.

Full little grace and beauty gleam
From out that grim and rigid form;
Yet wakes it Fancy's glowing dream,
Like shapes that Grecian art doth form:
Those brothers, Mystery and Time,
Have touched it with an air sublime.

V.

But what was he? why doth he stand
Upon his stony pedestal,
With air as if he might demand
To be remembered long and well?
What right to memory hath he?
What right forgetfulness to flee?

VI.

I know not, and I cannot tell;
But his was sure the hero's fame,
Who dips his pen in battle's hell,
And writes with blood and fire his name.
Where are the foes who sunk beneath
That sword which quits no more its sheath?

VII.

And where are those, who, by his side,
Clothed in the same stern panoply,
Bore down wild war's ensanguined tide,
And hewed through horse and infantry
A road bestrewed with wounds and death,
Where thousands sobbed their dying breath?

VIII.

And others, too, oh where are they!
The bright, the beautiful, the young;
The gentle dames whose roundelay
The hero's knightly triumph sung;
Who thanked him with their dark eyes' glance,
More piercing than his weighty lance!

IX.

Gone is the stern array of foes,
And gone of friends the steely line;
Gone the fierce battle's iron blows,
And gone those forms all but divine:
The dimness of the silent tomb
Enwraps them in its voiceless gloom.

X.

The living wandereth idly by,
Nor thinketh of that perished life
Which in the buried Past doth lie,
Far from the Present's dizzy strife:
He looks upon the warrior old,
Heedless of those the grave may hold.

XI.

But Time avengeth well the wrong:
The statue stands as firm as aye;
The cold beholder will, ere long,
Sink into dark vacuity:
As passeth he, with listless gaze,
So passed the men of other days.

XII.

Adieu, thou cold and sombre form!
A stranger bids farewell to thee,
A stranger, whom the western storm
Has driven o'er the wide, dark sea,
To gaze a moment on thy face,
Then disappear, like all his race.

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE
LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

THE WHITE VIOLETS.

ABOUT this time Rodolphe was very much in love with his cousin Angela, who could n't bear him; and the thermometer in the engineer's window was twelve degrees below freezing-point.

Miss Angela was the daughter of Mr. Monetti, the chimney-doctor, of whom we have already had occasion to speak. She was eighteen years old, and had just come from Burgundy, where she had lived five years with a relative who was to leave her all her property. This relative was an old lady who had never been young apparently—certainly never handsome, but had always been very ill-natured, although—or perhaps because—very superstitious. Angela, who at her departure was a charming child, and promised to be a charming girl, came back at the end of the five years a pretty enough young lady, but cold, dry, and uninteresting. Her secluded provincial life, and the narrow and bigotted education she had received, had filled her mind with vulgar prejudices, shrunk her imagination, and converted her heart into a sort of organ, limited to fulfilling its function of physical balance-wheel. You might say that she had holy water in her veins instead of blood. She received her cousin with an icy reserve; and he lost his time whenever he attempted to touch the chord of her recollections—recollections of the time when they had sketched out that flirtation in the Paul-and-Virginia style which is traditional between cousins of different sexes. Still Rodolphe was very much in love with his cousin Angela, who could n't bear him; and learning one day that the young lady was going shortly to the wedding-ball of one of her friends, he made bold to promise Angela a bouquet of violets for the ball. And after asking permission of her father, Angela accepted her cousin's gallant offer—always on condition that the violets should be white.

Overjoyed at his cousin's amiability, Rodolphe danced and sang his way back to *Mount St. Bernard*, as he called his lodging—*why* will be seen presently. As he passed by a florist's in crossing the *Palais Royal*, he saw some white violets in the case-show, and was curious enough to ask their price. A presentable bouquet could not be had for less than ten francs; there were some that cost more.

'The deuce!' exclaimed Rodolphe, 'ten francs! and only eight days to find this fortune! It will be a hard pull, but never mind, my cousin shall have her flowers.'

This happened in the time of Rodolphe's literary genesis, as the transcendentalists would say. His only income at that period was an allowance of fifteen francs a month, made him by a friend, who, after living a

long while in Paris as a poet, had, by the help of influential acquaintances, gained the mastership of a provincial school. Rodolphe, who was the child of prodigality, always spent his allowance in four days; and, not choosing to abandon his holy but not very profitable profession of elegiac poet, lived for the rest of the month on the rare droppings from the basket of PROVIDENCE. This long lent had no terrors for him; he passed through it gaily, thanks to his stoical temperament and to the imaginary treasures which he expended every day while waiting for the first of the month, that Easter which terminated his fast. He lived at this time at the very top of one of the loftiest houses in Paris. His room was shaped like a belvedere, and a delicious habitation in summer, but from October to April a perfect little Kamschatka. The four cardinal winds which penetrated by the four windows, of which there was one on each of the four sides, made fearful music in it throughout the cold seasons. Then, in irony as it were, there was a huge fire-place, the immense chimney of which seemed a gate of honor reserved for Boreas and his *suite*. On the first attack of cold, Rodolphe had recourse to an original system of warming; he cut up successively what little furniture he had, and at the end of a week his stock was considerably abridged; in fact, he had only a bed and two chairs left; it should be remarked that these three articles were insured against fire by their nature, being of iron. This manner of heating himself he called *moving up the chimney*.

It was January, and the thermometer which indicated twelve degrees below freezing on the *Spectacle Quay*, would have stood two or three lower if moved to the belvedere, which Rodolphe called indifferently *Mount St. Bernard, Spitzenberg, and Siberia*. The night when he had promised his cousin the white violets, he was seized with a great rage on returning home; the four cardinal winds, in playing puss-in-the-corner round his chamber, had broken a pane of glass—the third time in a fortnight. After exploding in a volley of frantic imprecations upon Eolus and all his family, and plugging up the breach with a friend's portrait, Rodolphe lay down, dressed as he was, between his two mattresses, and dreamed of white violets all night.

At the end of five days, Rodolphe had found nothing to help him toward realizing his dream. He must have the bouquet the day after to-morrow. Meanwhile, the thermometer fell still lower, and the luckless poet was ready to despair as he thought that the violets might have risen higher. Finally his good angel had pity on him, and came to his relief as follows:

One morning, Rodolphe went to take his chance of getting a breakfast from his friend Marcel the painter, and found him conversing with a woman in mourning. It was a widow who had just lost her husband, and wanted to know how much it would cost to paint on the tomb which she had erected, *a man's hand*, with this inscription beneath:

'I wait for her to whom my faith was plighted.'

To get the work at a cheaper rate, she observed to the artist that when she was called to rejoin her husband, he would have another hand to paint—*her hand* with a bracelet on the wrist and the supplementary line beneath:

'At length, behold us thus once more united.'

'I shall put this clause in my will,' she said, 'and require that the task be intrusted to you.'

'In that case, Madame,' replied the artist, 'I will do it at the price you offer—but only in hope of *seeing your hand*. Do n't go and forget me in your will.'

'I should like to have this as soon as possible,' said the disconsolate one; 'nevertheless, take your time to do it well; and don't forget the scar on the thumb. I want a living hand.'

'Do n't be afraid, Madame, it shall be a talking one,' said Marcel, as he bowed the widow out. But hardly had she crossed the threshold when she returned.

'I have one thing more to ask you, Sir; I should like to have inscribed on my husband's tomb a thing in verse to tell his good conduct and his last words. Is that good style?'

'Very good style—they call that an epitaph—the very best style.'

'You don't know any one who would do that for me cheap? There is my neighbor Mr. Guerin, the public writer, but he asks the clothes off my back.'

Here Rodolphe darted a look at Marcel, who understood him at once.

'Madame,' said the artist, pointing to Rodolphe, 'a happy fortune has conducted hither the very person who can be of service to you in this mournful juncture. This gentleman is a renowned poet; you couldn't find a better.'

'I want something very melancholy,' said the widow, 'and the spelling all right.'

'Madame,' replied Marcel, 'my friend spells like a book. He had all the prizes at school.'

'Indeed!' said the widow, 'my grand-nephew has just had a prize, too; he is only seven years old.'

'A very forward child, Madame.'

'But are you sure that the gentleman can make very melancholy verses?'

'No one better, Madame, for he has undergone much sorrow in his life. The papers always find fault with his verses for being too melancholy.'

'What!' cried the widow, 'do they talk about him in the papers? He must know quite as much, then, as Mr. Guerin, the public writer.'

'And a great deal more. Apply to him, Madame, and you will not repent of it.'

After having explained to Rodolphe the sort of inscription in verse which she wished to place on her husband's tomb, the widow agreed to give Rodolphe ten francs if it suited her—only she must have it very soon. The poet promised she should have it the very next day.

'Oh good genius of an Artemisa!' cried Rodolphe, as the widow disappeared. 'I promise you that you shall be suited—full allowance of melancholy lyrics, better got up than a duchess, orthography and all. Good old lady! May HEAVEN reward you with a life of a hundred and seven years—equal to that of good brandy!'

'I object,' exclaimed Marcel.

'That's true,' said Rodolphe; 'I forgot that you have her hand to

paint, and that so long a life would make you lose money ;' and lifting his hands he gravely ejaculated : 'HEAVEN, do not grant my prayer ! Ah !' he continued, 'I was in jolly good luck to come here !'

'By the way,' asked Marcel, 'what did you want ?'

'I recollect — and now especially that I have to pass the night in making these verses, I cannot do without what I came to ask you for, namely, first, some dinner ; secondly, tobacco and a candle ; thirdly, your polar-bear costume.'

'To go to the masqued ball ?'

'No, indeed, but just as you see me, I am as much frozen up as the grand army in the retreat from Russia. Certainly my green frock and Scotch-plaid trowsers are very pretty, but much too summery ; they would do to live under the equator ; for one who lodges near the pole, as I do, a white bear skin is more suitable ; indeed I may say necessary.'

'Take the fur !' said Marcel ; 'it's a good idea ; warm as a dish of charcoal ; you will be like a roll in an oven in it.'

Rodolphe was already inside the animal's skin.

'Now,' said he, 'the thermometer is going to be sold a few.'

'Are you going out so ?' said Marcel to his friend after they had finished an ambiguous repast served in a penny dish.

'I just am,' replied Rodolphe ; 'do you think I care for public opinion ? Beside, to-day is the beginning of carnival.' He went half over Paris with all the gravity of the beast whose skin he occupied. Only on passing before the thermometer in the engineer's window he could n't help taking a sight at it.

Having returned home not without causing great terror to his porter, Rodolphe lit his candle, carefully surrounding it with an extempore shade of paper to guard it against the malice of the winds, and set to work at once. But he was not long in perceiving that if his body was almost entirely protected from the cold, his hands were not ; a terrible numbness seized his fingers which let the pen fall.

'The bravest man cannot struggle against the elements,' said the poet, falling back helpless in his chair. 'Cæsar passed the Rubicon, but he could not have passed the Beresina.'

All at once he uttered a cry of joy from the depths of his bear-skin breast, and jumped up so suddenly as to overturn some of his ink on its snowy fur. He had an idea !

Rodolphe drew from beneath his bed a considerable mass of papers, among which were a dozen huge manuscripts of his famous drama, *The Avenger*. This drama, on which he had spent two years, had been made, unmade, and re-made so often that all the copies together weighed full fifteen pounds. He put the last edition on one side, and dragged the others toward the fire-place.

'I was sure that with patience I should dispose of it somehow,' he exclaimed. 'What a pretty fagot ! If I could have foreseen what would happen, I could have written a prologue, and then I should have more fuel to-night. But one can't foresee every thing.' He lit some leaves of the manuscript, in the flame of which he thawed his hands. In five minutes the first act of *The Avenger* was over, and Rodolphe had written three verses of his epitaph.

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of the four winds when they felt fire in the chimney.

'It's an illusion,' quoth Boreas, as he amused himself by brushing back the hair of Rodolphe's bear-skin.

'Let's blow down the pipe,' suggested another wind, 'and make the chimney smoke.' But just as they were about to plague the poor poet, the south wind perceived Mr. Arago at a window of the observatory threatening them with his finger; so they all made off, for fear of being put under arrest. Meanwhile the second act of *The Avenger* was going off with immense success, and Rodolphe had written ten lines. But he only achieved two during the third act.

'I always thought that third act too short,' said Rodolphe; 'luckily the next one will take longer; there are twenty-three scenes in it, including the great one of the throne.' As the last flourish of the throne-scene went up the chimney in fiery flakes, Rodolphe had only three couplets more to write. 'Now for the last act. That is all monologue. It may last five minutes.' The catastrophe flashed and smouldered, and Rodolphe in a magnificent transport of poetry had enshrined in lyric stanzas the last words of the illustrious deceased. 'There is enough left for a second representation,' said he, pushing the remainder of the manuscript under his bed.

At eight o'clock next evening, Miss Angela entered the ball-room; in her hand was a splendid nosegay of white violets, among them two budding roses white also. During the whole night men and women were complimenting the young girl on her bouquet. Angela could not but feel a little grateful to her cousin who had procured this little triumph for her vanity; and perhaps she would have thought more of him but for the gallant persecutions of one of the bride's relatives who had danced several times with her. He was a fair-haired youth, with a magnificent moustache curled up at the ends, to hook innocent hearts. The bouquet had been pulled to pieces by every body; only the two white roses were left. The young man asked Angela for them; she refused — only to forget them after the ball on a bench, whence the young fair-haired youth hastened to take them.

At that moment it was fourteen degrees below freezing in Rodolphe's belvedere. He was leaning against his window looking out at the lights in the ball-room, where his cousin Angela, who didn't care for him, was dancing.

A T H O U G H T.

In the deep forest of kind feeling, the growth of other years,
Where the day-light gently stealing, fills the eye with tears,
Softly flutter life's affections, gently pass the cheerless day
Still beside the green mound sitting, mourning life away.
Pent in silent desolation, near the tearful lake,
Having no outlet to the ocean, still, for the lost one's sake.
Cypress o'er the head is bowing, sculptured marble rests on earth;
In the sad bosom of affection, joy can have no birth.
Dark the clouds are lowering o'er us; hark! the morning whistling air;
'T is a tale that's full of sadness; sympathy with us is there.

C O N T E N T M E N T .

This gorgeous portals of the West
Open before the dusky sun ;
The rooks wheel screaming to their nest,
The valleys darken one by one.

I see the dusky bars of gold
Stream through the cool and lonesome wood ;
The white flocks winding to the fold,
The swallow circling to her brood.

The cuckoo's call and tinkling bells
Fill all the drowsy evening air ;
And far adown the pleasant dells
The Convent vespers call to prayer.

I sit beneath the pollard-tree,
Beside my open cottage-door ;
My spinning-wheel hums drowsily,
And puss lies dreaming on the floor.

The bees with drooping wings return ;
The garden-flowers close one by one ;
The village-lights begin to burn ;
My daily task is almost done.

O God ! so beautiful and blest
My hours of cheerful toiling be :
So sweet and still the evening rest,
My heart o'erflows in praise to THEE.

Thought — through the green aisles of the grove
I see the palace-windows shine ;
My heart turns full of peace and love
To my low porch and clustering vine.

Beside my hearth, though dark and lone,
The cricket chirps the whole day long ;
And gentle cheerfulness has grown
To strength and beauty with its song.

The moon between my lattice bars
Sivers my cross and rosary ;
Wrapped in the glory of the stars
I kneel at evening hour to pray.

The falling of the lonesome stream,
The winds that round my cottage creep,
Like voices softly chanting, seem
To lull my tired eyes to sleep.

So with glad heart I see the day
Drop in the clasping arms of even ;
So springs my grateful heart away
With evening prayer and praise to heaven.

S. MARIN

T H E B E E - H U N T :

A CHAPTER FROM THE MS. OF 'PUDDLEFORD AND ITS PEOPLE.'

BY SIMON OAKLEAF.

VENISON STYLES and myself, as I have stated, had now become intimate. Together we scoured the woods and streams, in pursuit of fish and game. There was a kind of rustic poetry about the old man, that fascinated my soul. His thoughts and feelings had been drawn from nature, and there was a strange freshness and life about every thing he said and did. He was as firm and fiery as a flint; and the sparks struck out of him were as beautiful. Winds and storms, morn's early dawn, the hush of evening, the seasons, and all their changes, had become a part of him—they had moulded and kept him. They played upon him, like a breeze upon a harp. How could I help loving him?

Before day-break, one morning in October, Venison, myself, his honey-box, and axes, set out 'a bee-hunting,' as he called it. It was in the beautiful and inspiring season of Indian summer, a season that lingers long and lovely over the forests of the West. There had been a hard, black frost during the night, and the great red sun rose upon it, shrouded in smoke. We were soon deep in the heart of the wilderness, tramping over the fallen leaves, and pushing forward to where the 'bees were thick a-workin,' according to Venison.

As the sun rose higher and higher, the leaves began, all around, to thaw, and detach themselves from the trees, and silently settle to the ground. There stood the yellow walnut, the blood-red maple, side by side with the green pine and the spruce. Ten thousand rainbows were interlaced through the tops of the trees, and now and then a sharp peak shot up its pile of mosaic into the sky.

Not a sound was heard around us, till morning's dawn. The tranquillity was oppressive. The mighty wilderness was asleep. Every thing felt as fixed and awful as eternity. The vast extent of the wooded waste, reaching thousands of miles beyond, on, and on, and *on*, filled with mountains, lakes, and streams, lying in solitary grandeur, as unchanged as on the day the Pyramids were finished, overwhelmed the imagination. And then the future arose upon the mind, when all this should be busy with life—when the present would be history, referred to, but not remembered—when the present population of the globe would have been swept from the face of it, and another generation in our place, playing with the toys that so long amused, and which we, at last, leave behind us.

But as day dawned, and morning began to throw in her arrows of gold about our feet, the wilderness began to wake up. A fox-squirrel shot out from his bed in a hollow tree, where he had been lodging during the night; and scampering up a tall maple, he sat himself down, threw

his tail over his back, and broke forth with his *chick-chick-chickaree, chickaree, chickaree!* — making the woods ring with his song.

‘Look at him;’ exclaimed Venison; ‘he’s as sassy as ever. If I had my rifle, I’d knock the spots off that check coat of his’n; I’d larn him to chickaree old Venison.’

This squirrel, very common in some of the north-western States, is one of the largest and most beautiful of its species. He is dressed in a suit of light-brown check, and may be seen, in warm, sunny days, cantering over the ground, or running through the tree-tops. He is a very careful and a very busy body. I have often watched him, as he sat bolt upright in a hickory, eating nuts, and throwing the shucks on the ground, with all the gravity of a judge. During the fall, he hoards up large quantities of stores. He hulls his beech-nuts, selects the fairest walnuts, picks up, here and there, a few chestnuts, and packs every thing away in his castle with the utmost care; and, as Venison says, ‘the choppers in the winter have stolen bushels on ‘em!’

While our squirrel was singing his morning psalm, a crow, just out of his bed, went sailing along above us, with his ‘caw! caw!’ and settled on a tree near by. ‘Caw! caw!’ he screamed again, looking down curiously at the squirrel, as much as to say, ‘Who cares for *your* music!’ Then out hurried another squirrel, and another, breaking forth with joy, until the crow, fairly drowned out, spread his wings and soared away. Venison says ‘them crows can smell gunpowder, and that fellow know’d we had n’t any, when he lit so near us.’

A blue-jay then commenced a loud call from a distant part of the forest. He is one of the birds that lingers behind, and braves the blasts of winter. He was flitting about in a tree-top, and had just commenced his day’s work. How gaudily Nature has dressed this bird! How he shines, during spring and summer! All the shades, and touches, and tinges of blue, flow over his gaudy mantle; and how orderly and lavishly they are strown over him. But the blue-jay is a dissolute kind of a fellow, after all, — ‘neither more nor less than a thief,’ Venison says. His showy dress fades with the leaf, and after strutting about during the warmer months, making a great display of his finery, he ‘runs down,’ at last, into a confirmed loafer. Groups of them may be seen in the winter, drudging around among the withered bushes, and scolding like so many sbrews.

Then out popped the little *gopher*, that finished piece of stripe and check, that miner, who digs deep in the ground. He, too, had left his mansion, and come to greet the morn. A troop of quail marched along, headed by their chief. Who does not love the quail? She is associated with early childhood and household memories. Her voice rings through the past. We heard it sounding over our better years. What a rich brown suit she wears, cut round with Quaker simplicity! what taste and neatness about it! It was she, that long ago went forth with the reapers, and piped for them her sun-rise psalm, ‘*More wet! more wet!*’ and she will stay here with us during the winter, and traverse, with her caravan, all day, the desert wastes of snow. Venison says, he ‘don’t never kill a quail — it ain’t right, — but he don’t know why.’

The partridges, all around, commenced rolling their drums, and every

little while, one would whirr past our heads, and die away in the distance. The whole woodpecker family began *their* labor. He who wears a red-velvet cap, silk shawl, and white under-clothes, was boring away in a rotten tree, to find his breakfast; and he kept hitching around, and hammering, without regarding, or caring for our presence. The rabbit, with ears erect, sat drawn up in a heap, quivering with fear as he gazed upon us.

At last, we reached the bank of the river, and Venison said: 'We had better sit down, and take our reck'ning.' Here was one of the most beautiful pictures of still life, ever painted by Nature. The river wound away like a silver serpent, until it was lost in a bank of Indian summer haze, and it gurgled and dashed through the aisles of the forest, like a dream through the silent realms of sleep. It lay, half sun-shine, half shadow, and the shadow was slowly creeping up a tall cliff on the opposite shore, as the day advanced, counting, as it were, the moments as they passed. Afar down it, I was amused as I watched a flock of wild geese. They were about a hundred in number, sleeping upon the water, in a glassy cove, their heads neatly tucked under their wings. An old gander, who had been appointed sentinel, to keep watch and guard, was doing the best he could to perform his duty. He stood upon one leg, and he grew so drowsy, several times, that he nearly toppled over, to his great consternation, and the danger of his charge. But rousing up, and taking two or three pompous strides, and stretching his neck to its utmost, with a very wise look, he satisfied himself that all was right, and that he was not so bad a sentinel, after all.

Near by this sleeping community, where a ripple played over a cluster of rocks, a flock of ducks were performing their ablution. Now they were diving, now combing out their feathers, now rising and flapping their wings, now playing with each other, when the leader blowing a blast on his trumpet, they rose gracefully from their bath, and forming themselves into a *drag*, went winnowing up the river to their haunts far away.

A sand-hill crane, hoisted up on his legs of stilts, his clothes gathered up, and pinned behind him, was leisurely wading about, spearing fish for his breakfast. A dozy, stupid-looking king-fisher sat upon a blasted limb just over him, looking as grave as a country justice, engaged in the same business. A bald eagle came rushing down the stream like an air-ship, his great wings slowly heaving up and down, as if he had set out upon an all-day's journey. A musk-rat ferried himself over from one side to the other, urgent upon business best known to himself. A prairie-wolf came down to the water's edge, gave a bark or two, and, taking a drink, turned back the way he came.

How many birds had left the wilderness for other climes! The black-birds, those saucy gabblers, who spent the summer here, feeding upon wild rice, departed a month ago. I saw their bustle and preparation. They were days and days getting ready for their journey. The whole country around was alive with their noise. They sang, and fretted. They seemed to be out of all kind of patience with every body and every thing — to have a kind of spite against Nature for driving them off. All the trees about the marshes were loaded, and some were singing, some

complaining, some scolding; but having finally completed their arrangements, all of a sudden, they left. And the meadow-lark, that came so early with her spring song—she who used to sit upon the waving grass, and heave herself to and fro, in so ecstatic and polite a manner, as her melody rose and fell—she, too, is gone.

But, about *hunting bees*. Venison informed me that here was the spot, where he should 'try 'em—that he did n't know nothing about his luck; that 'bees were the knowingest critters alive'—that they lived in 'the holler trees, all around us.' He said 'they had queens to govern 'em'—that they had 'workers and drones'—that 'every thing about 'em was done just so, and if any of 'em broke the laws, they just killed 'em, and pitched 'em overboard.' This, he said, he had 'seed himself; he had seen a reg'lar bee funeral.' He 'seed, once, four bees tugging at a dead body, drawing it on the back, when they throw'd it out of the hive, and covered it over with dirt.' And then, they have 'wars,' he says, and 'gen'rals,' and 'captins,' and 'sogers,' and 'go out a-fighting, and a-stealing honey; they are 'knowin' critters, and there is no tellin' nothing about 'em.'

Venison took the little box he had brought with him, which was filled with honey, and, opening its lid, placed it on a stump. He then rambled around the woods until he found a lingering flower that had escaped the frost, with a honey-bee upon it. This he picked, bee and all, and placed on the honey. Soon, the bee began to work and load himself; and finally he rose in circles, winding high in the air, and suddenly turning a right-angle, he shot away out of sight.

'Where has he gone?' inquired I.

'Gone hum where he lives,' answered Venison, 'to unload his thighs and tell the news.'

In a few moments, three bees returned, filled themselves, and departed; then six; then a dozen, until a black line was formed, along which they were rushing both ways, empty and laden, one *end* of which was lost in the forest.

Venison and myself then started on a trot, with our eyes upward, to follow this living line; and after having proceeded a quarter of a mile it became so confused and scattered that we gave it up, and returned.

'What now?' I inquired.

'I'll have 'em! I'll have 'em!' he replied. 'They can't cheat old Venison. I've hunted the critters mor-nor forty years, and I allers takes 'em when I tries. I'll draw a couple of more sights on 'em.'

Venison took two pieces more of honey, and placed one on each side of his box. The bees followed him and commenced their work. Very soon, instead of one, he had three lines established, his line of honey forming the base of a triangle, while the bees were all rushing to its point, on each side of this triangle through its middle.

This, of course, was a demonstration. Venison and myself followed up again, and, sure enough, we 'had 'em,' as he predicted. There they were, roaring in the top of a great oak like thunder, coming in and going out, wheeling up and down through the air as though some great celebration was going on. It seemed that the whole hive of workers must have broken forth to capture and carry away Venison's honey-box.

'Will they sting?' inquired I.

'Some folks they will,' he replied. 'If they hate a man they'll follow him a mile; and no body knows who they hate and who they do n't, until they're tried.'

'Where's the honey?' I inquired again.

'Well, that's the next thing I'm arter;' and Venison put his ear to the trunk of the tree to ascertain in what part of it they were 'a-workin'.' He listened a while, but 'they warn't low down, he know'd, for he did n't hear 'em hummin'.' He thought the honey was 'out the way, high up some where.' So at the tree he went with his axe, and in a half an hour the old oak — older, probably, than any man on the globe — came down with a crash that roused up all the echoes of the wilderness.

Upon an examination, the honey was, probably, Venison thought, packed away in a hollow of the tree, about fifty feet from the ground, as a large knot-hole was discerned out of which the bees were streaming in great consternation. So he severed the trunk again, at the bottom of the hollow, and there it was, great flakes, piled one upon another, some of which had been broken by the fall of the tree, and were dripping and oozing out their wild richness.

'That's the raal stuff,' exclaimed Venison; 'something 'sides bee-bread.'

Venison had brought nothing with him to hold his honey, and I was a little curious to know how he would manage. He cut the tree again above the knot. During his labor, the bees had settled all over him. His hands, face, and hair were filled, beside a circle of them that were angrily wheeling about his head. But he heeded them not, except by an occasional shake, which was significant of pity rather than rage.

'Now,' said Venison, when his work was finished, the tree cut, the knot-hole stopped, and the whole turned upside down, 'that's what I call a nat'ral bee-hive, and we'll just stuff in a little dry grass on the top, and then I'll be ready to move.'

'Move!' I exclaimed, 'move! You do n't expect *we* will carry home a *tree*, do you?'

'Two or three on 'em, I s'pect. Venison allers gets as much as that.'

Venison was right. Before noon, half a dozen hives were captured and ready for removal. I confess, after the excitement was over, that I began to grow quite serious over my forenoon's labor. I sat down to rest myself, and the very solemnity of the wilderness produced a sober train of thought. A south-west breeze sprang up loaded with the dying breath of the fall-flowers. It was blowing down the leaves around me, and piling them up in gorgeous drifts. Like an undertaker around the remains of the dead, it was quietly tearing down the drapery, and preparing the year for its burial. A haze overspread every thing, and the distance was mellow, the objects indistinct, and the whole landscape seemed swimming, as we sometimes see it in a dream. The trees were covered with haze; and a canoe, on its way down, appeared to be hung up in the air; the birds were hazy; and, looking about me, I appeared to be sitting in a great tent of haze. The squirrels were clattering through the trees, and throwing down the nuts; the partridges were drumming; the rabbits rustling through the dry leaves; the water-fowl hurrying through the air;

and the crickets, those melancholy musicians, were piping a low, dirge-like strain to the golden hours of autumn as they passed away.

I thought I could hear the great heart of Nature beat with measured and palpitating strokes; could feel the massive pendulum of Time swinging back and forth.

But I said I was rather sober. There stood our six bee-hives, and clinging to each in large clusters were its inhabitants, who had been driven forth by us to brave a pitiless winter. We had destroyed six cities, and banished their people; six cities, six governments of law and order. Cities laid out in lanes, and streets, and squares; cities of dwelling-houses and castles; cities filled with all sorts of people; all castes in society. There were the queen and her palace; the drones and their castles; and the serf, or day-laborer, and his hut; and there, sitting upon her throne, the sovereign swayed as mighty a sceptre, tyrannized over as great a people, in her opinion, as any human despot. She undoubtedly bustled about, talked large, swelled up herself with her importance, boasted of her blood, of her divine right to rule, (certainly divine in her case,) just as all earthly princes do. There she projected plans of war, marshalled her forces, and stimulated their courage with inflammatory appeals. She talked about her house as the royal line, as the French used to about the Bourbons. And then a lazy aristocracy had been broken up by us; we had turned hundreds of drones adrift, and according to the modern definition, drones must be aristocrats; that is, they did no work, and lived upon the labor of others. They were, in all probability, just like all other aristocratic drones. They lounged about the hive in each other's company; had an occasional uproar at each other's table; turned out to take the morning air, and slept after dinner. They probably advised in all matters of public policy, and cried every day: 'Long live the Queen.' I did not care much about the drones, however. But we had turned the poor day-laborer out of doors; he who rose with the sun, and went forth to work while the dew was yet lying on the flowers. We had humbled the pride of six cities, and brought it to the dust. Is it strange that I felt sober?

But Venison broke my musing by informing me that it was 'about time to cakalate a little about getting our honey home, and he guessed he'd go and rig up a raft, and float the cargo down.'

And soon a raft was constructed of flood-wood, and bound together with green withes, the honey rolled aboard, two long poles prepared to be used to guide the craft, and away we glided, followed by a long train of bees, who had been despoiled, and who streamed along after us, until the shadows of evening arrested their flight, and parted them and their treasure for ever.

THE LAST SONG.

ALL my flowers have shed their bloom;
Sing it, little song!
All my flowers have shed their bloom;
But I hope that others bloom
Brighter, in a brighter home,
Where the least sheds not its bloom.

M E M E N T O S .

BY CURTIS GUILD

DEAR treasured thoughts of happy past,
 How Memory fondly holds ye fast;
 How through the vale of boyhood's years
 Each glowing scene of youth appears:
 Loved forms in fancy live once more,
 Brought from the true heart's treasure-store,
 While memory loves to linger yet,
 Round scenes in life we ne'er forget.

Memento of an hour of love,
 'Tis all I have — this little glove;
 Again I see thy smile, *LIZETTE*;
 Thy music-laugh entwines me yet
 As when it greeted me, dear maid,
 In wild waltz at the masquerade.
 Swift years have fled since then, but this
 Recalls to me an hour of bliss.

A little bunch of billet-doux,
 A crushed and faded violet too;
 How in these leaves that now I turn
 The fires of boyhood's passion burn.
 Bright heart-hopes on their pages gleam,
 Mere bubbles on the sun-lit stream,
 The cherished idol of that hour,
 Recalled, and by this withered flower.

Here rests a tress of auburn hue,
 Bound with a faded ribbon blue;
 Oh! what an hour of happiness
 That gave to me that little tress:
 How dark the eyes that flashed among
 Thy clustering curls that thickly hung;
 This truant severed from thy brow —
 It brings to mind a broken vow.

Ah! here's a tress, a glorious one,
 That gleams all golden in the sun;
 This was thy parting gift to me,
 My own, my blue-eyed *ROSALIE*.
 Thy soft blue eyes and snowy brow,
 In dreams I gaze upon them now;
 For o'er thy form the wild waves beat,
 The white surge is thy winding-sheet.

Last of my treasures, while I gaze
 And think once more of childhood's days,
 Why is it that entranced I stand,
 This little locket in my hand?

'Tis that fond look that greets me there,
 From those blue eyes so mild and fair;
 Back rolls the flight of years, and then
 Once more I am a boy again.

Once more I'm kneeling at thy side;
 Again I hear thee gently chide;
 Thy placid smile, thy tender tones,
 Once more my thrilling bosom owns.
 A mist is floating round my sight,
 Yet dims it not the vision bright:
 What's this upon my cheek — a tear?
 It falls for thee, my MOTHER dear.

Boston, September, 1853.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I HAVE a pleasant chamber in my home, that overlooks the sea: from its windows I trace the outline of great ships, that come sweeping on before the wind, and of little barks that dance merrily upon the water and let fall their loosened sails, as though defying the aid of any wind to bear them on their way. I can sit and overlook their coming and their going, until they seem as friends to me in my loneliness.

I read their names upon their sides and call them by them. I grow impatient if the hour of departure or return passes without their presence; and sometimes I watch in vain for a name that has grown familiar to my sight, and know in the gloom that broods upon the deck of other ships, that I shall no more behold the vessel that once so proudly bore it.

But it is not of the sea, but my chamber I would write. It is a spot sacred to myself and my own fancies. No guest enters here that comes not from the land of Imagination. Men, I cannot bring to look curiously upon the works of my own brain, or turn with sneering tones to question of the authors who here delight me.

But though all this be true, and I am sure no other hand than mine ever turns the key that opens this apartment, a few days since, when I returned from a walk upon the beach, I found that some one had intruded on my sanctuary. I was no longer secure.

No papers had been touched, no sketch displaced; but among them all, lay a roll of tapestry, strangely woven, and of great length. It was a wondrous work, and by its delicacy and marvellous execution led me to believe that fairy hands had blended its colors and woven its beautiful scenes together. None could tell me whence it came. No one had been seen near my apartment; and at length I grew ashamed to question more concerning it, but treasured it as fairy work and fairy gift, and day by day amused myself with unravelling the history it unfolded.

This history was divided into seven periods, each one characterized by

a peculiar flower: of the first, the Lily was the chosen emblem; of the second, the Violet; the third was marked by the Rose; the fourth by Ivy and the Oak; the fifth by the Aloe; the sixth by the Heath; and the seventh and last by the Passion-Flower.

I am no skilful artist, or I would attempt at least a sketch of the arrangement of these periods. All that I can do is to attempt a description of them, and to decipher as I may, the story hidden under their mystic characters, and show a united whole of parts somewhat broken and separate. The Lily is the first whose meaning I shall attempt to read.

There is a small dwelling with great shade trees embracing it, and before it a mother of youthful appearance with her boy, whose look entitles him to the name of Earnest: his beauty is angelic, and in the gaze of his large grey eyes there is more of sadness than of hope. The mother's hand betrays the secret of his mournful face: she seeks by it to show him the meaning of some object, of which no word may be to him a swift interpreter. The child is mute, born deaf and dumb, so that no sound has ever thrilled his soul. He gathers flowers and flings them in his mother's lap, and looks the question that his voice cannot utter; their perfumes delight him and become to him a language easily understood. The mournful look dwells less heavily upon his countenance, and the world around seems less painful in its stillness. His mother, too, looks more cheerful, but still her hand is often the interpreter of sight unto her darling's mind. The silence that usurped the throne of speech could not hush the mind, and a world of thought dwelt in the boy's heart, while Fancy led him through her realm, and he grew to find joy in his existence and to smile gaily when the sunbeams rested upon his favorite blossoms, or the dews of night wafted their voices to his soul. Flowers became his alphabet, and perfumes the language in which his thoughts moulded all images, that answer in our grosser world to words.

Although the taint of sin was in the boy, yet he seemed far more pure than those to whom words are but too frequently the suggesters of evil. Innocent he seemed, and years changed but slightly the beauty of his countenance. Flowers he ever carried in his hand, and among them Lilies still bloomed fresh, fragrant and pure. No knowledge reached his mind through books, but in the hieroglyphic volumes of nature he was a deep and constant student. No brook wound through the woods beyond his home that his hand had not measured; no spring bubbled up above the earth without his eye tracing its course, beneath the moss and closely planted underwood, far off, even to its birth-place. Birds built their nests before his watchful eyes and gathered food for their young from off his delicate hand. Tall trees were oracles to him of the journeys of the breeze; and tender herbs and grasses gave forth their healing virtues to his touch. He knew the stones that moss-plants love the best; and watched the growth that shade and damp fostered upon the branches of some ancient forest-king. But in the school of worldly wisdom he was still a child.

So passed the years of Innocence. The period characterized by Lilies was finished. The second, with its beautiful emblematic Violets, now began to unfold, and with deepening interest I pursued its history.

The soul of Earnest longed for another language than that his child-

hood had supplied by means of fragrant flowers. In his love of nature he found another alphabet, and in the imitations he produced with his pencil of all that was fairest of her works, he learned the syllables of language only truly understood by the artist.

Oh! how full to the mind and heart of the mute Earnest seemed the utterance of the voice of Nature. How his soul bounded at the sight of the works of art which, from time to time, were cast as waifs upon his path! He named them through his mother's teachings, 'angels' gifts,' not knowing whence they came; but he did not dream that bright beings were around him, who watched the developments of his mind, and patiently awaited the hour when they might lead him out into the great world of human beings, and tell him of the power he possessed. He knew not, that in silent sorrow, a glorious talent had been matured within him; nor had he dreamed as day after day his cheek flushed and his eye kindled, before the perfect transcript his faithful pencil made of the beautiful images that thronged upon his fancy, that Genius knew him as her child, and dwelt delightedly upon his name.

It was but the beautiful in creation that reflected itself upon his soul. His hand had not yet learned to place the good and evil side by side, leaving to others to make choice of one or the other. He placed the pure alone upon his canvas, while his soul was strengthened through his labor, and the language of art became his own.

Violets were gathered with the Lilies he had loved in earlier years. With their blended perfumes flowing gently round the boy I traced the close of the second period.

The third era, with the Rose shedding beauty over it, arrested my attention by the excessive brilliancy of its coloring and the exquisite images employed in its development.

The scene no longer lay around or within the cottage I had first beheld. Upon the wide ocean, a single ship sailed nobly onward, her prow turned towards the classic shores of Italy.

Many forms were gathered on her deck, and prominent among them, with the guileless look of infancy mingling with the enthusiasm of genius, Earnest stood beside his mother; the sunbeams of departing day glimmered upon the horizon, the western heavens glowed with a crimson light that deepened into purple, and declined through violet hues into the pale tint of the upper sky, while the waters reflected every hue, and the few clouds that floated as islands in a sea of light were but added beauties to the view.

It was a scene to thrill an artist's heart; and in the countenance of Earnest I could trace a thousand feelings struggling for utterance. More in that hour than ever in his life before did Earnest long for speech, but his tongue remained chained; and overwhelmed by contending emotions, he leaned (as in childhood he had done) upon his mother's breast and wept. Those tears told of the storm of passion that had been roused within his soul; they were the first drops of the rain that fell ere long with fearful violence upon the bewildered Earnest.

The ship in time reached her destined port. Through his mother's teaching, Italy had become familiar ground to the mute: he trod her soil for the first time with an exulting step, and gazed up into her blue

sky with almost childish wonder and delight. A studio in Italy, and stranger faces looking admiringly upon the works that crowd its walls, or with wonder and with reverence upon the artist whose hand has wrought them. And he, the same, and yet how changed! The world is no longer a mystery to him. The language taught in Spain by Ponce, the Benedictine monk, had been revealed to him in Italy; through it, knowledge had poured in upon his mind, and the feelings of his fellow-men were translated to him through the books that they had written.

His works partook of the joy that had poured light upon his soul; but with the knowledge that he had gained, evil had been mingled.

The Lilies drooped from his side, but still the Violets were his own, and sweetly their perfume mingled with the fragrance of the Rose.

Once more the artist's studio, but no crowd now intruded upon its beauty. Bending over his easel, I beheld the form of Earnest: his luxuriant hair pushed back from his brow; his eyes, usually so mild in their glance, burning with unwonted brilliancy. His pencil rested upon the canvas, and he seemed excited by some mighty passion. On the easel, growing beneath his hand, appeared a form of loveliness and grace. This was no ideal work. The artist had bent his strongest powers to transfer to canvas the features and expression of a beautiful Italian girl; one whose beauty had answered to the longing of the artist's soul. And now his work was completed, and for the last time he bent entranced above it. The idol he had reared within the secret chamber of his heart had become a being endowed with life. He loved, while all-unconscious of the danger he incurred, and knew it not, until the gulf that so widely separated him from his fellows yawned before his dazzled gaze.

What wonder that he loved? the being whose smile caused his heart to bound and kindled new fires within his eye, was beautiful as the land whose name she bore. In her pictured image, the glow of a southern sun rested upon her cheek, while from her low, broad forehead masses of dark hair swept downward over her neck. Her eyes were more than beautiful; there was in them a softness that bewildered whilst it charmed me. As I looked upon the girl, I wondered not at the love of the solitary mute. He could not hear the voice that parted her rosy lips, but he could read the smile that played around them, while his *own heart* filled the silence that rendered words unintelligible to him.

His filial love had ever led him to reverence his beloved mother; but here, before the image he had found, his untutored soul bowed down in adoration.

The Rose bloomed brightly in his path, and he gathered its blossoms, unconscious of the thorn that dwelt beneath the shelter of its petals. So, another flower was added to those of which I have written, and another period was veiled beneath the robe of Beauty.

Again another history, but no bright flower bloomed above its opening roll. Ivy twined itself closely around its scenes, and the Oak, with its dark foliage, threw a softened, twilight shade over the remaining portions of the life of the artist.

From the studio where he had so devotedly labored, Earnest returned at night-fall to his mother. The unsteadiness of his step as he crossed her apartment, and the wildness of his manner, told of the suffering he

was enduring. All night she listened to his restless movements on his couch, and with the earliest approach of morning stood beside him. Earnest was ill; more ill than the mother who so loved him had ever before known him to be.

Long he tossed upon a sick-bed: the while his studio was deserted, and men asked sadly for the mute artist, whose silence and devotion to the schools had won their sympathy. Long the physician sat within the shaded chamber of the sick man, counting the pulses that told the mysterious workings of disease. Through him, gifts were offered to the mother and her son; and fruits and flowers, showered around them, were but slight tokens of the interest they had excited.

Sickness is a stern teacher, but for me it has its blessings. The shaded light of the room wherein I lie helpless as a child, subdues the evil of my nature. I have fancied I could be content so to pass many years of a life whose out-door activity and sharp tones sting me as the icy winds of March. The mild voice of the sick-room; the foot-fall that seems almost ethereal, it is so soft and gentle; the one kind face that ever lingers beside the bed; the cool hand that adjusts the pillow, or smooths back the fallen hair from the heated forehead, only rendered a *thousand-fold more dear* if it move at the whispered cry of 'Mother;' all this, and more than I can write, makes sickness a holy visitant to me.

The poor suffering mute could not so read its teachings. Its silence had no added charm for *him*: the softened light fell painfully upon his eyes, for the form of the beloved one could not be traced among its shadows. The mother's hand — ah! that was truly dear! and the physician too — he who, from the outer world of bustle, moved quietly over the threshold of the sick man's apartment, and answered with a glance of sympathy the longing gaze of Earnest, or held communion through the wondrous finger-alphabet with his inmost thoughts — shared equally with the mother in the love of the poor mute.

The physician became to him what the Oak is to the Ivy. Closely did the tendrils of his enthusiastic nature entwine themselves around the noble man who cheered his soul, while with happy skill he strengthened and restored the body.

Ivy! brighter amid winter snows than beneath a summer's sky, I rejoice in thy verdure, and will not murmur that the Rose was not longer permitted to bloom beside the Violets that shed such precious odors around the early history of the mute, Earnest.

I saw him, under the extended and enduring friendship of his physician, rise above the troubles that surrounded him, and once more with vigorous power resume the duties of his life. But the foreshadowing of another flower of desolation made me pray that closer still his heart-strings might be bound around the lofty soul of his physician.

Once more a new period and a new flower.

Alas that the Aloe should have been planted amid so many precious blossoms! Sad that it should have cast its shadow upon the fairer buds of earth! But the history admitted of no exchange, and the Aloe marked its fifth period, as a season of bitterness and grief.

The artist was again in his old place before his easel; again his secret thoughts cast their shadows over his works: his soul sickened beneath

the sky of Italy, and naught but the keen air of his childhood's home could again restore its healthy tone. Vainly in the soil of Italy he sought for the plants he there had watched and loved : and as the memory of their perfume crossed his mind, he fainted beneath the load that pressed upon him. His mother, too, was pining for her native air, the song of familiar birds, and the low whisperings of the breeze, as it ever reached her ear, from off her husband's grave. But now an ocean intervened ; no cherished tone was heard by her as she gazed wistfully across its waters, toward the heavens that smiled upon her far-off home.

She did not say it, but she felt that the vines planted in her native land would never shed their blossoms above her tomb. And so, as day declined and the bright colors faded from the sky, she sat and mused sadly on the past, and Earnest, and of the hand that should guide him when her last hour should have come. She dared not ask whose it would be ; but when the physician visited her after the moon had risen, and the stars were set along the ways of heaven, she told him of her fears, and at length to him intrusted the guardianship of the gifted being who still dwelt, within her mind, the child I first beheld him.

Aloes with their marbled leaves were creeping serpent-like around the plants of the Violets and the Ivy, and shedding their bitterness over even the glossy verdure of the Oak.

But I could not pause to weep : another season was finished, and the next slowly unfolded itself before my gaze.

The yellow buds of the Heath are its crown.

One solitary figure filled the scene. Earnest was alone : his mother was no more with him, to move amid the silence in which he dwelt.

Well might the heath spring up beside him and strike deep root in the soil watered by his tears : his mother gone, and he without a voice in which to tell his grief !

The bitterness of the Aloe was fully tested then, when life seemed void of every blessing. The mother had been taken : the suffering mute stood unsupported in his loneliness. What aid could friendship offer, or what gift could love present that should be valued through the tears that blinded the eyes of Earnest ?

There was no word, there was no gift that did not seem to him mocking as the air that tossed back the cry of grief that, in his woe, broke from his heart. Solitude alone could soothe, God's hand alone heal the wound which death had made. But in that hour of trial, when heath reared itself beside the mother's grave, that divided the present, with its woes, from the past, with its many joys, light broke upon the soul of the mute, hitherto so dark and silent.

Once more his eye sought the blue sky above him, and he seemed to realize the heaven of which his mother had so often taught him. It was no longer a far-off land. It was his mother's home, where he, her child, should dwell, that lay around him. For the first time, his soul received the impression of eternity : the lesson of his life began to be understood.

In the evening hour, he knelt and offered unto God the solemn homage of his silent soul.

The seventh period was completed, and the purple blossoms of the Passion-flower spread forth as its emblem.

Belief had uttered its voice to the listening heart of Earnest.

The tendrils of the passion-vine have bound together the various parts of each separate period, and twined among the blossoms whose fragrance I have inhaled.

I view the tapestry no longer as the mysterious gift of the fairy, but as a type from the actual world. Although its history hath the semblance of a dream, I can understand from it how the *seeming* realities which now surround me will be as dreams to me, when a few years shall have passed away, and I stand upon the entrance of the world eternal and *alone real*.

M Y W I F I E ' S A W A ' .

AIR: 'THE WEE, WEE MAN.'

You ask me to sing, but my heart it is wae;
 In a harp out o' tune, there's nae music awa;
 She is gone who gave tone to the music in me;
 Oh! how can I sing, when my wife's awa?
 I'm feckless and lonely, an' 'wantin' an' dim;
 Like a leg o' the tangs, wi' its marrow awa',
 E'en the fire-side is cauld-rife, an' cheerless my hame;
 Oh! my hame is nae hame, while my wife's awa'.

It's not want o' ought, for o' a' things we've plenty,
 An' kind are the bairns, an' the neebors, an' a',
 But a' winna do noo, or keep my heart canty,
 For a' things gang wrang, when my wife's awa'.
 The light that did brighten my housie, ye ken,
 An' made a' things cheerie, in chamber an' ha',
 Is wantin', an' gloomy is a' but and ben,
 Oh the sun has gone down, noo my wife's awa'!

When takin' the Book, an' our evening psalm raising,
 There's ae voice awantin', the sweetest of a',
 Then, 'mang a' the blessings of Him we are praising,
 My heart breathes a prayer for my wife awa';
 An' then in the mornin', my woes are unending;
 The breakfast is late, no one answers my ca';
 My sark wants a button, my stockings want mending;
 O come back, my wife, and bide nae awa'!

The birdies are singing; the sweet flowers are springing;
 The blue-bells an' violets glint out fu' braw;
 All nature smiles gladsome: but ah! there is ringing
 Nae joy in my heart, while my wife's awa:
 Then come back, my dearie, an' make my heart cheerie;
 Let music an' mirth ance mair gladden my ha';
 Then 't will be 'mong the by-gones, when dowie and wearie,
 I mourned for the want o' my wife awa'.

M O O N L I G H T A N D A M E M O R Y .

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

I.

ALL Heaven is anchored off the world ; and every, *every* where,
 The silver surges of the moon make music through the air ;
 As the stars revealed by night, as the dew-drops by the stars,
 So the bosom's wordless wealth, by the moon-beam's misty bars.
 Oh ! sunlight for the world of things, but moonlight for the heart !
 From out the dreamy shadows, how the forms of beauty start !

II.

How they throng the halls of Thought ! there an ANGEL-ONE appears ;
 Though I cannot see her clearly by moon-light, and for tears,
 I'd know that foot-fall *any* where, as light as summer-rain,
 For it sets my pulses playing, as none can do again.

III.

Ah, Thou art there, my Cynosure ! I *know* those eyes are thine ;
 No other pair would ever turn so lovingly to mine :
 And now, a billow of green turf swells breathless o'er her rest,
 As if it feared to wake the babe that slumbers on her breast.

IV.

The bough was bent to breaking, as the blast went sweeping by,
 But the nameless bud of beauty was wafted to the sky :
 And thou, fair Moon ! art shining on, in all thy glory yet,
 As if upon no fairer brow no paler seal were set.

V.

The purling azure ever parts in music round thy prow :
 As we together saw thee then, so I behold thee now.
 And yet, methinks, thy deck grows dim with gray and gathered years :
 Not so, not so ! untouched by time ! 'T is nothing but these tears.

VI.

I wonder not the stars are out, to see thee riding by,
 And not a breath to break the blue of all that blessed sky :
 There's just one cloud in all that dome of God's own starry thought,
 One little cloud of Zephyr's fleet, left floating there, forgot.

VII.

Not all thy glory, gentle Moon ! can turn that gloom to gold,
 Nor all thy silver lure a star to light a single fold ;
 For, like a banner weirdly wove in wild Campania's loom,
 That cloudlet's volume swells aloft, as dark and deep as doom.

VIII.

Good-night, fair Moon ! — good-night again, pale captive to the cloud ;
 I've seen a *dearer* light than thine extinguished by the shroud.
 That cloud is edged with silver now ; its gloom is webbed with gold ;
 The stars shine through it every where — a pearl in every fold !

MEN, MANNERS, AND MOUNTAINS.

BY ROBERT M. RICHARDSON.

THE KURSALL

ON 'CHANGE: OR SALOON OF FINANCE.

IN acquaintanceship, as in most other experiences of life, Napoleon's dictum holds good: *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*. Since my opportune rencontre with Ernest, I had either found or made almost as many acquaintances as the 'hare of many friends.' It was three o'clock; and, having spent the morning in visiting and rambling, Ernest and myself sought occupation in the SALON OF FINANCE.

THE MAISON DE CONVERSATION is the Palladium of Baden-Baden. It may likewise be viewed as a temple of the Muses, a pleasure-house of the Graces, a summer asylum of the Fates, and oft-times of the *Furies*. You cannot, indeed, conceive of an establishment more completely stocked with all the machinery of amusement. Situated, as already mentioned, in the most felicitous manner, opposite the two principal hotels, the main building comprises a grand group of ball-rooms and drawing-rooms, replete with stuffs and statues, mirrors, musical and gambling apparatus. A luxurious café occupies one spacious wing with its manifold *agrémens*; while, couched in the other, a catering saloon for quidnuncs — a reading-room — flanked by a perfect *bijou* of an opera-house, denotes that a proper balance is maintained in the prodigal appliances of animal and spiritual pleasure.

Throughout the oak-environed avenues which lead at right-angles from the grand promenade bordering the Kursall façade, toward the town, are arranged diversified rows of stalls, where hawkers of different nations proclaim an exposition of things cheap and choice — German toys, Paris gloves, transcendental tooth-powder, complexion-peppers, rings and rosaries, bonnets, bouquets, mermaid-mirrors, Chinese pigs and poodles, Genoa flower-fabrics, Milan tooth-picks, Swiss wood-work, chamois-boxes, cosmetic sponges, and other commodities, of which some are too numerous to mention, and others, from their nature, *wholly unmentionable*. The Kursall is not a palace, for it is more. The features of comfort and ease, combined with elegance, which it presents, are foreign to the cold palaces of Europe; and the varying scenes which characterize its interior bear no resemblance to the stately and stationary aspects which palaces of this age wear. In the Kursall, gayety sometimes abides and sometimes departs. Sometimes the dance throngs throughout the extent of its saloons. Every evening, floods of music pour down from its high orchestral throne. Now it is a hive of animation, and now lulled. If it dazzles with gas constellations to-night, to-morrow may find it as dull as a chapel. At one hour as busy as Moneta's court, it is the next as vacant as the minds of its frequenters. But, although the Kursall varies its aspect according to the hour, the weather, the caprice, it retains at least one focus, con-

stant as the 'original taint;' immovable and all-moving as the Maelstrom. To this radiating cynosure let now attention glide.

ON 'CHANGE.

We entered by the principal door beneath the portico. What a change from the radiant sky without! Absorbing all sound and riveting all attention, was stationed the *genius loci*; the Sphinx which yet awaits her Œdipus; the Punic power, to win over whose interest all diplomacy is vain; the magnetic divinity of this Fortune's Mecca—the roulette scheme. Sombre and immobile, the throng closed round, like suitors in a court of shades. The last levée of Louis XIV. could not have been more self-contained in aspect. The green cloth, from which few glances were averted, spread over the table like a symbol of the green ocean, almost rivalling its grand prototype in the amount of treasure which it annually engulfs.

The roulette, or *oubliette*, whose tender mercies consign rouleaus to oblivion, is a machine somewhat resembling an old-fashioned hand coffee-mill; having a scheme appended, rather complicated to explain, and in which initiation is too easy to need formal demonstration. Enough to say, that it is a very powerful engine of correction, through whose agency, if offended at your fortune, you have opportunity of ready revenge, *by breaking it on the wheel*.

In the exaggeration of a mind naturally prone to credulity, I had always preconceived this scene as in the category of those objects which do not disappoint expectation. So mysterious is the veil with which description usually drapes these world-renowned *tables de jeu*, and so vivid were the tableaux which my irradiated imagination had previously shadowed forth, that I would hardly have approached an *auto da fé*, or a *table d'inquisition*, with a deeper sense of interest than I now experienced in drawing near the high altar of the blind goddess. A phantasm of Druid and Mexican priests, invested with the dark solemnity of their inhuman rites, rose confusedly before my disordered vision as I penetrated among the forms officiating at the public sanctuary of vice.

So much for romance. Now for reality.

The sanctuary reeked not with the fumes of sacrifice; but it was redolently scented with *eau de vie*, *eau de cologne*, and bad cigars. The altar was *not* (as my orientalism had pictured) Pelion on Ossa—Golconda reproduced in literal pyramids of gold and bank-notes. Funds which possess such 'alacrity in sinking' are rarely so portentous in amount. The arbiters, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Company, did, to be sure, sit dealing out sentence after sentence of destiny, and extending the regulating hell-rake much after the manner of my prefigurations; but in general they wore that expression of meek sleepiness which characterizes the fatigued lion of a menagerie: nothing visible betokened the flow of very ferocious feelings. The chief potentate of Orcus obliged to take snuff in order to bear up against the Bæotian nature of his business! The sepulchral being who occupied the middle seat of the bench, seemed to occupy a rank in creation midway between a man and an automaton, so mechanical were his functions, so accurately did he rehearse them. With the one hand he spun the marble on its whirling race; with the other, he poised the

rateau, as it were the *baton* of Musard ; while at precise intervals his dry, dull voice, cadenced like the oscillations of a pendulum, enunciated the oft-told words : '*Messieurs, faites votre jeu. Le jeu est fait. Rien ne va plus.*'

Florins, German dollars, five-franc pieces, and a rather sparse collection of Napoleons, composed the sum total of the fluctuating funds.

Frankly, then, the aspect of the monster in his den was not very redoubtable, nor in any manner astonishing to a disinterested observer.

Subsequently, after repeated visits, during some of which the stakes rose high into thousands, I learned to view the proceedings with more attention ; and it became a favorite amusement with me to analyze the secret emotions of the players. The diversity of impulses which incite to gambling appears to be quite as wide as the range of motives which, according to an old song, induce the people of more Christian countries to go to church. Some commence to play from *ennui* ; some for fortune ; many to lighten or clear their expenses ; a number from passion ; but the majority are simply drawn into it as a pastime. But, once having laid hand on the altar, and

‘One turn of *roulette* makes all mankind kin.’

Keep your eye on this congress of nations : how accordantly all Babel collects around the council-board of Plutus ! Rank, nationality, even individuality, is dropped, and all mankind become ‘merely players,’ to use Shakspeare’s expression, from the moment they touch the level of this table. All are *bettors* at this board, as the hair-dresser told the lord, and no one better than his neighbor.

It is at night that the *scenas* begin. Gas and excitement are turned on together. Then the Cæsars of magnificent intentions *come, and see, and conquer*, if they can ; and some where in the small hours they return home ‘to sleep, perchance to dream.’

One of my pet illustrations of the different characters which frequent these rooms is the *INDIFFERENT* — the man who plays constantly and as if unconsciously, without consenting to appear at all interested.

MONSIEUR NONCHALANT lounges in late in the day. You might suppose from the abstracted air with which he approaches the table, adjusting his cravat all the time, that he was some stray somnambulist regarding his person in an invisible *cheval* glass. With a dreamy air he spills a few coins on the table, to roll on red or black — it is all one to him. He pays Luck the compliment of surrendering to her the entire management of his fortunes. If he wins, a slight sub-smile struggles at his lips to break through the upper paste of *nonchalance*. He begins to hum the froward air, *Vin ch’ham dal vino*. His very hat sleeks into a smile. But he begins to lose. He has just sunk a pile of Napoleons in a see-saw. My friend, are you smiling still ? But what makes those lips so paralytic ? The brow disclaims all sympathy with the mouth ; the muscles are as unyielding as a disobliging horse ; the expression is jaded and ghastly. Will the spurned power of nature reassert her long-resisted authority ? and must your natural feelings at length wreak themselves into expression ? No : politeness is to him what courage was to Ney. He cannot, if he would, do an unpolished act. Death before discom-

figure; he can better bear to lose his gold than his composure. To immarble his emotions is the study of a life. But lo! the ice begins to thaw. His complacency is fast oozing through his palms. There goes another fatal *pose* on the red; it vanishes like a flash! He doubles it on the black; his prospects become darker than ever. He pulls the lappel of his right ear, as if it were a purse-string. Ah! easy, my dear Sir; don't pinch your left arm black and blue; it was the *right* one that betrayed you. Insensate youth! you dig your nails through your hair, down into the very scalp, with more than the pertinacity of a small-tooth comb. Gods! how he started just now, as, on turning around, he caught a glimpse of his almost unrecognizable features in one of the large mirrors on the wall.

The INVISIBLE player is another queer type in this odd volume of characters; and the difficulty with which he is deciphered does not diminish his claims upon our notice.

The INVISIBLE is a man with a motive for not wishing to be seen at play, so that in order to gamble, and at the same time to *keep down* appearances, he is compelled to train himself in a species of legerdemain more curious than facile. It happens that you will see a *pile* on a corner of the table, which, so far as particular appropriation is apparent, might well be mistaken for *treasure-trove*. But look again, and you will descry our Invisible, 'seeing all, himself unseen,' in the back-ground, and watching with a falcon-glance. His *pile* is on the *pair*. Whiz goes the ball. The Invisible's features assume a glacial impassibility. He clenches his teeth with a determination that would have bitten a bullet in half. Patience on a gridiron endured a test less severe than his; his fortune hangs by the eye-lids. The ball stops: '*Messieurs, vingt-et-huit, pair et manque.*' The falcon seizes on his quarry, and is unseen again. Sometimes the Invisible resorts to a yet more cautious style of tactics by engaging a friend to play for him, with concerted signals; and it is astonishing with what a *real nonchalance* the friend always performs his vicarious duties.

But place for the VICOMTE CASSECOU, the Magnus Apollo of speculators; him

'Good at all things, but better at a bet.'

He *bulls and bears* as if he were in Wall-street. Note the *savoir faire* in his playing. What a winning confidence in his luck! There is an inexpressible distinction in his manner of laying down a *rouleau*, as if it were a cast-off glove. He is great in victory, but greater still in defeat. He leaves his money on the *noir*, and walks off to the restaurant for a glass of absinthe, while the other poor devils are tied like so many show-bears, *each to his stake*, none daring to stir a chain's length off. Vicomte, you repose on your luck as a warrior on his laurels, but bear in mind that your *rouleau* is on a quick-sand soil! Take heed of the variegated adventures in the realm of chance. 'Ah! he returns!' they exclaim. There has been a run of four on the *noir*, and his *rouleau* has progressed arithmetically to sixteen—charming nest-egg! He disdains to remove it yet. A fresh venture, and the sixteen becomes thirty-two. Once more he waits, and loses. Thus,

'Man never is, but always to be blest.'

The *rouge-et-noir* table differs from the roulette, as a court of equity differs from a court of law. The play there was much deeper; a swarm of men and women sat around, looking like guests at a *table d'hôte*, whose dinner had been seized by the Harpies. 'Mid others of less note' I spied a little man whose coat and white cravat, added to the extreme unction with which he kept rubbing his hands, revealed his clerical character to all, though no doubt he still considered it a profound secret to every one but himself. The solemn uprolling of his eyes, his devout manner of piling up the winnings, as though mentally praying HEAVEN to 'increase and multiply' the good gifts, was highly diverting to a knot of veteran gamblers who stood opposite. The good *abbé's* countenance became intensely expressive under the operation of the undulations of luck. Imagine an enormous pumpkin with eyes set on the surface, almost as large as a calf's; an emphatically Calmuc nose, whose extreme end arose in direct opposition to the mode in which an elephant wears his trunk; a mouth that could serve at pleasure as a model for a bake-oven: to these engaging features add two huge humps, one on the breast, another on the back, and two paws tightly clenched upon the table; fancy, in fine, a gigantic toad just ready to leap. When he won, his neck elongated like that of a turtle, and, by extension of this mass of living flesh, imparted something like symmetry; but when luck became adverse, his eyes glowed like live coals, peering from their orbits to the point of dropping on the carpet; and the overgrown pumpkin then sank so low between the two promontories, before and behind, that it was no easy matter to discern which of the three humps had best claim to be considered his head.

'The play, the play's the thing.' Would you ever believe that the man pacing yonder with his whole frame in a tumult, ringing out the most sonorous curses in that Spanish so wealthy in imprecations, is the same being you meet at the Trinkhalle, absorbing hot water to the slow measure of the morning march? Hard fate! to have his high hopes tossed up in a blanket all day, only to receive a cold ducking at last. He is the man who plays with a *system*. The ladies seem to be most favored; perhaps it is because they know when to leave off, being best acquainted with the fickleness of Fortune, who is herself a female. The little *Lorette* risks exactly the value of a new Cashmere, wins, and goes away content. Madame, who has been looking daggers at her 'cloven hoof of vulgarity,' as some court-poet styles the ungloved hand, takes the *Lorette's* vacated chair, and begins to play for the price of some new head-dresses which a Geneva jeweller brought up to-day. She wins; but a frown arose during her speculation that put to flight all the loves and graces which dwell in her face.

Such are the tables where the fairest and foulest of mankind gather, intent upon the common object — plunder. The eulogists of M. BENAZET have been so numerous, and have said so much, that (*pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint*) there is little left for me to say; and yet it is impossible for me to leave these halls without contributing my humble block to the towering monument which fame is fast erecting to his honor. You have heard of M. BENAZET, intelligent reader, else reputation is an empty sound. Still 'you may have forgotten:' I understand — ahem!

M. BENAZET is the Pontifex Maximus of Fortune, the Nestor of the

gambling generation. What Voltaire was to Ferney ; what Lorenzo the Magnificent was to Florence ; what Louis XIV. was to Versailles, lord paramount, creator absolute, such is the SIEUR BENAZET to Baden-Baden. For although the Grand-Duke may be styled ruler, yet his is not the real empire of the demesne, any more than was Louis XIII. master of France under Richelieu. Baden-Baden is a gambling principality, a floating island in the monetary world, appurtenant to M. BENAZET. His dominion is an *imperium in imperio*.

If to build these mansions ; if to pay for them ; if to establish these gambling-tables ; if to win off them ; if to engage this music ; if to lay out these grounds, and keep them in order ; if to diffuse this taste ; if to give the grand ball to-night ; if to give the great boar-hunt next month ; if to maintain an opera ; if to patronize talent of every kind ; (O for breath to utter !) if the constant practice of deeds like these does not indicate potentateship and magnanimity combined ; if you do not feel your soul expanded after a survey of his actions, have the modesty, my friend, to impute the fault to yourself alone.

A Manichean at Baden-Baden would hug himself for joy ; for, behold, the evil principle has been converted into good ! M. BENAZET has shown his 'good works before men,' like Mephistopheles during a revival. But again, let me not 'damn with faint praise' him whose laudations should be sung with such eloquence. I appeal to Howard, to Wilberforce, to Kossuth, to the genius of philanthropy itself, whether BENAZET is not a benefactor of his species. He owns the gambling-tables : true ; but he owns every thing else, too. He wins your loose cash : true ; but he also wins 'golden opinions from all sorts of men.' He is a seducer of young men : true ; but he is a guardian of young women. He plants a Upas in the social oasis, but what would its roses be without him ? His system, after all, is merely a *protective tariff*, levied on importers of superfluous bullion. All good Whigs should admire him for his policy, and all good Democrats for his character.

A L P I N E S U N - S E T .

BY S. MARIE.

Over the mountain the evening star
Trembles through rosy sun-set vapor ;
And under the pine-boughs faint and far
The fire-fly swings its golden taper ;
The violet closes its purple eyes ;
The lily droops on the lonesome water ;
And down in the valley the sweet day dies
In the arms of her dusk-eyed daughter.

Yet up on the snow-peaks, rosy still,
The changeful glories burn and shiver ;
And rain-bows cling to the mountain-rill
As it murmurs down to the deep dark river.
The chamois bounds, and the eagle cries ;
Wild echoes from rock to rock are driven,
And gorgeous clouds from the hills arise
To pillar the sun-set heaven.

All the avalanche burns and thrills,
Floating away in misty splendor ;
And the white moon over the clustered hills
Bendeth a face all wan and tender ;
Voices of winds, and tinkling streams,
Fitful glories on cloud and river
Drift, with the waning sun-set beams,
Away to the West for ever.

'Tranced in the dusky fire I stand,
Thrilled with the night-wind's blissful story :
Clouds at my feet, and mountains grand
O'er me, piercing the sun-set glory ;
Luminous fires, and angel stars,
Throbbing and slumberous airs of even,
Melt from my soul its prison-bars,
And bear it away to heaven.

THE WASTING OF THE TRIBES.

BY ISAAC MACFILLAN.

I.

Lo! as I strive the red-man's fate to sing,
A sigh pathetic sweeps the minstrel's string;
Fain would he twine one mournful wreath to grace
The urn that holds the ashes of their race.
From sea to sea, from Mexic Gulf to Lake,
Free as the winds the wilderness that shake,
Shining with arms majestic, sternly grand,
He moved, the guardian sovereign of the land.
No gilded court, no jewelled crown had he,
Nor silken slaves to bend the servile knee;
No sumptuous board, enriched with precious plate,
Nor palace gorgeous with imperial state;
No grand cathedral, where vain man adores,
Through whose stained panes light's colored torrent pours.
Not such his state; the woods his only home,
The hills his shrine, God's azure skies his dome,
In whose blue depths celestial spirits seem
To bless the kneeling savage by his stream.

II.

Rough was his garb; the hunter's dangerous toil
Clad his brown limbs with wild-beasts' shaggy spoil;
The forest-game a frugal repast gave,
His simple drink the streamlet's crystal wave;
His home a cabin formed of limb and bough,
His bark the light canoe with bended prow.
Content with these, life tranquil sped away,
A pleasant dream, with blissful visions gay.
He loved the realm so brightly spread around,
Rich with broad pastures, with wild wood-lands crowned;
He loved his tribe, his children, and his bride,
Nor asked for greater joys than these supplied.

When Twilight soft his roseate glories shed,
And Eve her purple drapery cast around,
And up the sky the Moon of harvest led
Her train of stars, on their bright journey bound,
Curled the blue smoke from many a cabin hearth;
The mellow air with childish prattle rang,
While aged chieftains mingled in the mirth,
And lit the pipe, or martial measures sang.
Then loud his hollow drum the warrior smote,
And reedy pipes with shrilly music sound,
And bead-strung conch, and horn of startling note,
And jingling bells to youthful ankles bound.
Forth stepped each forest-damsel o'er the turf,
Her forehead graced with many a wild-wood flower,
And milk-white shells plucked from the chafing surf,
And the blithe dance prolonged the festal hour.

III.

The scene hath changed! The red-man's reign is o'er,
 His painted crown of feathers spurned in dust;
 No more is caught the flashing of his oar;
 His lance and axe are tarnished o'er with rust.
 Their race is run; their life-sands ceased to flow;
 Their names forgot; their lowly graves profaned:
 From the fair earth they melted like the snow,
 And of their glory scarce a sign remained.
 Scarce o'er their land the pilgrim's curious gaze
 Their ancient forts and strong-holds may espy;
 All unconcerned the squatter's infant plays
 O'er grass-grown mounds, where low the sachems lie.
 Tradition tells that oft by forest-edge,
 'Neath the white moon, the haunting tribes are seen:
 Some muse dejected o'er the craggy ledge,
 Or view their ancient realms with looks serene.
 Here a tall warrior leans upon his spear,
 Or lifts his bow as if a foe drew near;
 And damsels move in spectral dances round,
 Yet silent all as dead beneath the ground!

IV.

A mingled race of every tongue and clime
 Hold all the land in its extent sublime;
 Their voices sound o'er green New-England's hill,
 Their crowding steps its every valley fill:
 By Mystic's wave, Connecticut's fair shore,
 The swarming myriads still increasing pour;
 Far up the Mohawk's soft enchanting vale
 The sound of rural labor cheers the gale;
 E'en where Niagara through its rocky gate
 Shoots its vast tide, magnificently great,
 The new race pours, still pressing on its way
 O'er the blue lakes toward the setting day.
 Before the wood-man's wasting axe and fire,
 The shadowy woods of Michigan retire;
 Wisconsin opes her flowery prairies, where
 The hardy farmer guides the gleaming share;
 The bold frontiers-man by Missouri's fount
 Sows the rich glebe and tills the fertile mound;
 The hunter yields, the red-men disappear
 Before the thrifty husbandman's career.

V.

Lo! where it sweeps! a broad, majestic land,
 Lovely with vales, with rugged mountains grand!
 From sea to sea the country of the free,
 From Northern Lake to smiling Mexic sea.
 See where they move, in graceful circles round —
 The sister States, with laurel garlands bound;
 The wreath of Union all around them rolled,
 Twined with their banner's striped and spangled fold.
 Long may they keep unsullied their domain,
 Free as the breeze o'er Alleghany's chain;
 Free as the tides their western valleys boast,
 Free as the surge that thunders on their coast!

Boston, May, 1853.

M R . B R O W N ' S P I G S .

ONE evening, not a great while since, I dropped in at the Sociable Club, of which, I flatter myself, I am not altogether an undistinguished member. Indeed, I believe every one of us has a good opinion of himself, founded on a consciousness of some merit which no other member gainsays or denies. Certainly, for a club-man to decry his fellow would be a species of self-stultification, like abusing one's wife to one's neighbor. Whether we recognize this principle, or whether it be that we are all of a happy, generous disposition, there is no doubt that, almost without exception, we are on the best of terms with each other and with ourselves.

But whatever vanity there may be among us individually, in our collective capacity, and as the world sees us, we make no great pretensions. We have not yet reached the full-blown dignity of house-keeping, and are content with a pair of rooms and an ante-chamber, conveniently located over Briggs, the cigar and liquor-merchant, with whom we store our wines, and whose clerk serves us as a butler without pay; while above us is Madame Frisbie's fashionable millinery-establishment, which affords us an opportunity of meeting a good many fine ladies on the stairs, and some of the prettiest little *coiffeuses* in the world.

As for that 'society,' as it is called, which so many men and women, boys and girls, fools and, indeed, wits, 'go into,' we do not, as a general thing, see much of it except at a respectful distance. If I were to assert that we object to several of its requirements; that we dislike standing an hour at a time, with no means of escape, hopelessly endeavoring to entertain some heavy lady to whom we have nothing to say; that young Masters Polky and Swell, tearing round the room, each with an armful of young woman, distribute hotness as they pass, beside treading on one's toes; and that we are decidedly unwilling to stand in halls or on landings, exposed to draughts, elbowings, and tray-corners—I might, perhaps, expose our Club to unmerited suspicion, and be asked if the grapes were not sour; so I shall only say that, while a great many persons find pleasure in the above amusements, we are moderately contented in our second-story club; and while Masters Polky and Swell are pulling on those agonizing boots of theirs, or getting up those immense cravat-ties, which always remind me of the old-fashioned telegraph, in full play, that used to swing above the Exchange cupola, we, in quiet clothes, are passing the evening without any sort of martyrdom whatever.

There is an air of sociability about the rooms of our Club that authorizes its title at once. John, Black John, our Purveyor, Under-Secretary, Commissary-General, and Mercury-at-large, who weighs fourteen stone and treads like Camilla, opens the door, and welcomes you with an expansive smile beaming over the whole of his broad face, that I can only liken to a hemisphere in sun-shine. There is the cheerfulest of fires in the grate in the winter-season, the most fragrant lilacs bloom there in spring, and the greenest asparagus-tops in mid-summer. Upon the walls are one or two pictures, which, if not very gratifying as specimens of art, are yet calculated to inspire sociability and good-humor. Over one mantel is an

engraving of the Literary Tea-Party; while the other is decorated with a print after Leslie's picture of Uncle Toby and the Widow; and at the late sale of the Art-Union property—which, as sociable fellows, we regretted as much as any body—we purchased a fine, large fruit-piece, delineating half a water-melon, a cantelope, several peaches, and a knife and silver salver, which, when fruit is not in season, is very refreshing.

As for our other furniture, it is decidedly more useful than ornamental; more comfortable than costly. Jo Mallet, the celebrated auctioneer, who is a member of our Club, and who, after knocking down lots of the most elegant, fashionable, and costly furniture in this metropolis, will yet come into the Club of an evening and tell his story or enjoy a joke without any airs or the least pretension—Jo Mallet, even, would fail in attempting to make the contents of our rooms fetch any handsome sum of money. Far distant be the day when he shall be called on for such a purpose! May it never be his duty to stand up on the mahogany he has sat down to so often!

And here let me fervently hope the kind reader will not accuse us of parsimony for the modest manner of our club-keeping. Above all, let me deprecate the degrading imputation of poverty—that 'lower deep' of infamy in this golden age. No, no; we may have our faults, but not quite that. If we chose to go in the very face and eyes of the fundamental principle of our clubbed existence, we might, with a little financiering, manage to be splendid. But, ah! we have heard of the dismal sociability of many elegantly-appointed mansions in our Belgravia. We know the Gorgon influence of superb upholstery. We listened, at the Club the other evening, to the story of the country-gentleman at one of the new hotels, who sat on his trunk all night, afraid of doing something not quite genteel in the presence of so much good furniture. By all odds, we prefer chintz and sociability to brocatelle and a fear of using it. Give us plain Brussels for our floors, and leathern-cushioned arm-chairs for our sedent refreshment, and let us put our feet on the sofa and smoke, and be sociable.

Among the members of the Club, Rinkle is, perhaps, the greatest authority in matters of literature and taste. Without being engaged in any one pursuit, a moderate income enables him to gratify his passion for lounging in libraries and book-stores, and poring over the magazines, and occasionally to buy a new publication. He has been told that he ought to write for the periodicals, but he professes too much regard for the fraternity of authors to interfere with their perquisites. 'No, no,' he says: 'if publishers want articles, let them pay for them, and let them go to the men that want the money. I take the bread out of no man's mouth.' On matters of every-day interest, however, he does not hesitate to put pen to paper. Those are his initials, 'Q. R.,' which you occasionally see in the newspapers underneath a brief but cogent argument in favor of sweeping the streets by steam-power at midnight; or attached to a statement of the fact, that the thermometer stood at ninety degrees Fahrenheit at Montreal last Wednesday, and at seventy-five degrees in Wall-street at the same time, which accounted for the cold southerly gale yesterday morning.

He was entered in the club-register when proposed as Mr. Q. Rinkle,

and some body immediately dubbed him Queer; but his card was found afterward on one of the tables, from which we learned that he had been christened Quentin.

Another prominent member is Mr. Fred Daw, who, being something of a *bon vivant*, and considered a good judge of wines, may be set down as the Club's gastronomic oracle. Fred is a rising young lawyer, and *has* been a rising young lawyer any time these fifteen years. Considering the slowness with which legal gentlemen culminate, and Fred's fondness for good cheer, I think it may be assumed that by the time Mr. Daw falls into the grave, he will be pronounced, in a professional way, to have just risen.

I take extreme pleasure in further introducing to the reader Mr. Wycherly Cribbs, of Wall-street. Of the exact nature of Mr. Cribbs's business I am not aware. I was unable to discover his name in the Directory when I once wished to see him on the affairs of the Club, but after some search found him, fat and comfortable as ever, in an under-ground apartment, counting over an immense number of faded bank-bills, and, as it appeared to me, with his eyes shut. He is our reference on financial matters, and has furnished Rinkle with many valuable statistics. He can always tell us how many shares the great Mr. Flam is long or short in the ruling fancy; and although I believe he is not a member of the Board, he seldom fails to give us the full particulars of any exciting scene on the Stock Exchange. If he has a weakness, it is to be considered a sporting character; but I firmly believe him innocent of any proficiency that would warrant the title, and am inclined to think he gets his intelligence at second-hand. In spite of this failing, Mr. Cribbs is held in high estimation at our rooms; and it is my intention, when the copy-right treaty is fairly under way, to consult him on the subject of investments.

But the gentleman to whom the reader and myself may at present be said to be under the deepest obligation, inasmuch as he has been the cause—logically remote, and legally innocent, to be sure—of the lines I am now writing, is Mr. Rawdon Brown; and if I have not looked upon Mr. Brown hitherto with that glow of friendship with which I regard some other members, it is not that I have any personal feelings of hostility toward him. HEAVEN forbid! I trust I am at peace with all the world. Nor is it because I grudge him the gold spoon with which he was born; dear me! why should I care whether my spoon be gold or pewter, so long as I have my egg, and the appetite to relish it? But the cause of any coolness Brown may have observed in me is an unpleasant suspicion I have had of the out-and-out genuineness of his sociable sentiments, judged by the Club-standard of orthodoxy.

As a proof of my freedom from that *serra animæ*—envy—I do frankly admit that Brown is the youngest and best-dressed man among us, and that he has given some capital dinners at the Club. But still I must be allowed to say I have observed with pain his evident *penchant* for that domestic conglomerate called fashionable society, and his ill-concealed reverence for the titles and unmeaning gew-gaws of foreign aristocracies. I have met him twice in the street of an evening wearing a high and very white cravat; and I confess that, on those occasions, the general stiffness, and reserve, and unsociability of his air, inspired me with

disgust. For several months past, Brown has not been seen at the Club. At first his absence was noticed, for we liked his dinners and smiling face. But learning that he was out of town on some private business, we consoled ourselves after the fashion of most sociable men, and turned to other dinners and other faces, and in the fulness and perfection of our sociability, got on so well without him, that I had not heard his name mentioned for weeks until the evening to which I have referred, when, as my wont is, I dropped in at the Club.

On this occasion, I was gratified to find Rinkle, Fred Daw, and Mr. Cribbs in the rooms. It was early, and no one else was present—pardon me, Black John, thou wast there with thy great shining face; but thou art a necessity to our comfort, John, and like many of our comforts, we shall often forget thee until thou art gone.

John took my over-coat and umbrella as I approached the fire—it was a ravish night—and his glowing countenance, which is as good as another fire in a room on a cheerless day, disappeared into his private ante-chamber on the landing. I found Rinkle seated at the table, dallying with the magazines; Cribbs was comfortably ensconced in an arm-chair, sleepily holding a letter in his hand; and Fred, reclining on a sofa, was devoting the evening remnant of his legal energies to making rings with tobacco-smoke.

‘A letter from Brown,’ said Cribbs, as I entered.

‘What Brown?’ I suddenly asked: and I now acknowledge the unsociable treachery of my memory.

‘You are fined,’ said Rinkle, in a low, solemn voice, looking at me over his spectacles, ‘for sociable heterodoxy and schism. The Brown referred to is a member of a Club to which one *Smither-Smith* also belongs.’ (That is my own name, dear reader, and you will admire the delicacy with which I have refrained from introducing it myself.) I bowed my acquiescence in his decision, and desired to know the nature of the fine.

‘That shall be decided presently. Meanwhile, we are endeavoring to account for Brown’s conduct.’

A faint surmise that Brown had secretly married into fashionable life, and had sent in his resignation, arose in my mind as I inquired into the *gravamen criminis*.

‘Pigs,’ replied Fred.

‘Pigs?’

‘Ah! pigs indeed,’ said Cribbs, mournfully.

‘It seems,’ said Rinkle, with an explanatory gesture, ‘that our friend Brown, than whom a better fellow does n’t breathe, has, for some unexplained cause, been withdrawing himself from the amenities of civilized life, and amusing his leisure with agricultural, or, to speak more correctly, zoölogical pursuits. Though they have proved disastrous, I am the last man, and I hope, gentlemen, you are the last men’——

‘Hear!’ cried Fred.

‘Of course,’ said Cribbs.

And I nodded approval——

‘To condemn failure when the motive has been worthy, and the effort has corresponded thereto. I only wish,’ he continued, speaking slowly, and looking at Fred, as though there was an important criminal trial

going on, in which Rinkle was judge, Brown prisoner at the bar, and F. Daw, Esq., counsel for the accused, 'I only wish I could think of a motive, or that he had stated one in his letter.'

'Hams,' suggested the learned counsel.

The Judge shook his head.

'Dividends,' Cribbs mildly volunteered.

Rinkle still shook his head: 'No, gentlemen, the objects you mention are worthy of an effort, but either of them could be attained without the sacrifices our friend has imposed upon himself. I must look for some higher motive. It may be there is some trait in the character of the pig, as yet unobserved by ourselves, but revealed to Brown, calculated, if developed, to enlist our intellectual sympathies. I remember reading somewhere that Luther occasionally passed an hour in company with his swine, and found the change agreeable after severe polemics. Whether Brown would have chosen any such relief from the society of books, I cannot venture to decide. Certainly I can hardly think he would select it after the enjoyment of such social privileges as this metropolis affords.'

'I tell you what it is,' said Cribbs, who suddenly seemed to remember some interesting fact, 'there's good pluck in a pig.'

'Of course there is,' said Fred; 'the negroes are very fond of it, and esteem it a rare delicacy, although'——

'Pshaw! I don't mean that, but *grit*—courage. The celebrated fighting-pig, Pape, whipped one dog after another with perfect ease; I saw him do it.'

'An exception to the general rule,' remarked Rinkle. 'Pigs are generally faint-hearted, inasmuch as they are generally hungry. Man may be valorous after dinner, but swine recognize no such period of existence. With them, life is one continued ante-prandium.'

'But, my dear Rinkle,' I here ventured to ask, 'why look for some improbable and recondite motive for Brown's conduct, which I understand to consist merely in rearing a certain number of swine? I certainly cannot see why honest efforts to bring good pork to market do not constitute as laudable an occupation as any. Although Burton pronounces pork to be melancholy food, it certainly has operated very materially to give any thing but a gloomy expression to the face of our whole western country. As forming one of our chief staples, pigs may be said to have built many of our cities, enlarged our canals, extended our rail-roads, and turned our prairies into corn-fields.'

'All true,' said Rinkle, 'but material, very material.'

'And it,' I continued, 'the common article of merchandise—pork of no rare breed, or choice feeding—forms such a universal dish, and deserves respect from its popularity, how much more importance does it assume when, by judicious cross-breeding and dainty nurture, the flesh becomes etherealized, as I may say, and even the mature hog is as great a delicacy as the 'young and tender suckling under a year old,' over which Charles Lamb went into such raptures.'

'I remember,' said Rinkle: 'a dainty description is that, and worthy of the subject. One paragraph I shall never forget:

'THERE is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called: the very teeth are invited to

their share of the pleasure of this banquet, in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous—Oh! call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it; the tender blossoming of fat; fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence; the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food; the lean—no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or, rather, fat *and* lean, (if it must be so,) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result, a common substance.'

'Yes, Rinkle,' I observed, 'you have there quoted a passage that might almost persuade a man to embark in the business of pig-breeding, and endeavor after perennial litters. But Lamb was guilty of slandering the adult animal, and overlooking his capacities for carnal improvement. A well-born shote, judiciously developed by green vegetables and grain, and matured upon chestnuts, forms no mean dish; and if you will turn to the *London Quarterly* for January, 1853, which is on the table near you, you will find a few lines I have marked in an article on the Cloister Life of Charles V., which gives you an idea of pork as it should be, and which might, I think, make an epicure regret that he did not live in Spain in the sixteenth century.'

Rinkle found the article, and read as follows:

'YET if Spaniards have written their annals true, these said Belgians and Hollanders looked plump and fair, and fed as voraciously as if they had been Jews, upon the unctuous hams and griskins of Montanches. Estremadura is indeed a porcine pays de Cocagne; an Elysium of the pig; a land overflowing with savory snakes for his summer improvement, and with sweet acorns for his autumnal perfectionment; whence results a flesh fitter for demi-gods than Dutchmen, and a fat tinted like melted topazes—a morsel for cardinals and wise men of the West.'

Fred Daw was on his feet in an instant. He had writhed with gusto while Rinkle repeated the roast-pig paragraph, but he could now contain himself no longer. He flung his cigar in the fire, and requested that that bit of writing might be served over again; after which he ordered John to go immediately down stairs and bring up a bottle of that celebrated Topaz sherry, and glasses for four.

It was after we had drunk to Brown, to Spanish pigs, and to the reviewer unknown, that Rinkle informed me that, however pertinent I might have considered my observations, they had no relevancy whatever to the case in hand; that Brown's pigs had not been of the same breed, by any means, as those in the Review; that he had not attempted their perfectionment on snakes and acorns; that they had been objects rather of pity than admiration; that, for himself, he must look for some nobler motive than had yet been suggested to account for the young man's conduct; and that for the unpleasant facts of the case he would refer me to Cribbs, who had the letter: and thereupon our philosophic member made a dead set at all the quarterlies on the table in search of a theory.

While he was thus employed, and while Daw on the sofa was in a smiling reverie, in which floated, I dare say, visions of unctuous hams and griskins, and flesh tinted like melted topazes, Mr. Wycherly Cribbs imparted to me the leading particulars connected with the subject before us.

Rawdon Brown, it seems, had, for some reason only known to himself, bought, in the early summer, five hundred of those articles of merchandise known to dealers under the name of Western Store Pigs. He had passed several hours at the Bull's Head one rainy day, in the agreeable company of a most polite and well-informed gentleman, from whom he

made the purchase, and who, through all the inclemency of the weather, and all the repulsive filth of the yards, had kindly assisted him in selecting, counting, and weighing the drove. It was at this gentleman's suggestion that he chose the leanest animals, as being the best travellers, and affording the fairest field for development and improvement. It was in deference to his advice that he had stabled his fine horse at the Bull's Head over-night, and that he took rooms at the Bull's Head Tavern on the same evening, preparatory to the start for the country 'in the cool' of the next day. It was this polite gentleman who 'scared up,' to use his own language, half a dozen good 'drover-boys,' and introduced them to Mr. Brown as 'uncommon careful lads with a drove;' it was this gentleman who received Mr. Rawdon Brown's check for nineteen hundred and ninety-nine and ninety one-hundredths' dollars, being the amount of the bill rendered for five hundred Store Pigs, weighing, as per returns, twenty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy pounds, and sold at seven cents per pound; and, furthermore, it was this gentleman whom, notwithstanding all these attentions, Mr. Brown subsequently characterized as a scamp.

Among the delights which Mr. Howard Payne had in his mind's eye when he wrote that renowned song, 'Home, Sweet Home,' I think the bed, the familiar bed, with its clean, sweet sheets, must have been uppermost. We approach it in our yawning, demi-apparelled state, with a fond confidence, resulting from a confirmed experience of its perfect adaptedness to our particular comfort; we sit upon it with anticipatory luxury; a thrill of pleasure rewards us for the effort of 'turning in' as our toe-tips touch the linen, and we draw down the coverlid at length, and hide ourselves from the world, with the soul-comforting assurance of wholesome rest, and freedom from companionship, human or entomic. Ah! in country-houses, in far-off cities, even in our best friend's hospitable mansion, how do we remember that bed, those immaculate sheets! but at a tavern—Jupiter Hospitalis! do we not sometimes rather forego the relinquishment of those garments, the livery of our degenerate nature, than——

Well, Mr. Brown passed the night, after his purchases, stretched upon three chairs, and thought of Procrustes and pigs, and slept but little.

Behold him on the following morning, performing the depressing feat of driving a fast horse at a slow walk, and following that squealing, straggling army of young swine; their six highly recommended but suspicious-looking young officers hallooing, running, dodging, returning, chasing deserters into the ranks, and swearing fearfully. Behold him halting in the road as he approaches some open field or turnpike-crossing; and as he stands up in his vehicle, see with what generalship he witnesses the grand deploy of his troops. Hear him shout till he is hoarse, as the left wing starts incontinently down the wrong road; the right, entering a breach in the wall, victoriously attacks an unresisting column of beardless corn; while the main body, averse to action as to fight, ingloriously conceals itself in a road-side ditch, and sits down to enjoy the mud. See him, with his raw infantry re-marshalled and on their way again, calling a halt, which the officers alone obey; and, driving into the midst of his forces, endeavor to perform the impossible task of counting them. Watch him throughout that day, and the next, and still a third; and

after encountering the fatigue, the perplexities, the annoyances of the march; the sun, the mud, or the dust; the astonished stare of the few acquaintances, and the inquisitive leer of the many strangers he met; the gibes of rustics, who asked if them critters took the prize at the World's Fair; the constant anxiety lest provisions or shelter should fail on the route; and the nightly fear that his barn-lodged officers would desert in disgust, and leave him at the head of his regiment alone; after all this, see him arrive at his country-home, haggard, unshaven, and travel-stained — and unless you consider him a fool, or infatuated, you must agree with Rinkle that he was influenced by some higher motive than superior pork or profit.

Upon the evening of his arrival, Brown succeeded in counting his forces. He found, like Napoleon at Moscow, that his ranks had been thinned on the march. Fourteen pigs were missing.

Early the next day, he awoke. Not the sun-beams glinting through the window-panes, not the dewy call of incense-breathing morn, nor yet the cock's shrill clarion, roused him from his slumbers; but an unearthly noise — a combination of unearthly noises, singly, hideous and harrowing; together — indeed, I will not repeat the strong, sub-terrene adjective he used in his letter to describe them. The pangs of purgatory seemed going on outside his window. Four hundred and seventy hollow pigs, fierce with the gnawings of hunger, were shrieking for their breakfast.

Four hundred and seventy. Sixteen had yielded up their poor lives during the night. What they had suffered, no one can tell. Whether fatigue, whether fever and burning thirst, whether a surfeit on unaccustomed diet; or whether the *maladie du pays* — a hopeless yearning for Ohio, and a broken heart — had ended their miseries, who shall say? There they were, pain and pleasure over, stiff, cold, and dead.

And Brown, reverent as a Brahmin, ordered them to be buried decently. And he was glad when the four hundred and seventy were fed, and their howlings had subsided into grunts; and resting upon a log, while they strayed in the orchard around him, he sat wondering if any more would die, when he heard a strange cough.

He looked up, supposing it to proceed from one of his men, who stood near him; but the man seemed strong and well, and his broad chest heaved only with a healthy breathing. Still the cough continued. It came from beyond the man. Evidently a pig was in distress; too large a lump of moist meal had probably been gulped down, or a stray knife from the kitchen offal.

Humanity, no less than self-interest, was hurrying our friend to find the sufferer, when he thought he heard a remarkable echo. The cough seemed repeated from some point behind him. Perhaps it was not an echo, but another cough. He was as much bewildered as that notable donkey who found himself between two thistles, and stood wavering. Just then a third cough came conveniently to his aid; and then a fourth broke out, and then two or three together; and suddenly, a husky chorus came from a corner of the orchard; and then, coughing-time having come, as it would seem, pretty much all the company went at it, and wheezed and rasped so vigorously, that the passing traveller might have supposed himself in the vicinity of a flourishing saw-mill.

Brown stood aghast. The realization of Virgil's description was before him :

——— 'et quatit ægros
Tussis anhela sues, ac faucibus angit obesis.'

His men were as much perplexed as himself. They had never seen the like before, and could only suggest sulphur as a sovereign remedy for all the ills that kind of flesh is heir to.

Over the further sufferings of these creatures let us draw a veil. For months, their infatuated owner persevered in his design, whatever that design was. If, indeed, it savored at all of speculation, it was a mournful failure, and a warning to the uninitiated. To be sure, the creatures dropped off slowly, and kept up a good appetite to the last; but, though they consumed untold bushels, corn seemed only to have the same effect upon them as upon mill-stones — to wear them out. Day after day, corpses were found in the orchard; and a post-mortem examination of the remnant that was left of the drove, in the autumn, proved that the knife had kindly anticipated the pleurisy.

There was silence in the rooms of the Sociable Club for some moments after Cribbs had ceased. Fred Daw was in Estremadura. I could perceive by the moisture at the corners of his mouth, as he faintly smiled in his sleep, that there was a morsel of paradisiacal pork melting on his tongue. Rinkle sat in his chair, the Review to which he had last referred open on the table beside him, and himself as motionless as any petrification. His eyes were shut, and a casual observer might have supposed that he too slept. But I have not watched that man through a long acquaintanceship to no purpose, and I very well knew, as I saw him with his hands clasped, and the tips of his forefingers meeting at the end of his nose, that he was in profound thought.

For full five minutes did Cribbs and I sit waiting for him to speak. At length, his eyes opened; his fingers slowly left his nose, and pointed to the figure on the sofa.

'Wake him,' said Rinkle.

Any person who has had much experience of truly civilized life, knows the difficulty of rousing a gentleman of luxurious habits and good appetite from his after-dinner slumbers, and need not be told that it was with extreme difficulty we could bring Mr. Daw's soul back from its sensual banquet to the feast of reason, with Rinkle as host.

'Gen-tle-men,' said Rinkle, at length, with that distinct and emphatic utterance of each syllable, so calculated to impress the hearer with the importance of what is coming: 'Gen-tle-men! the truly philosophic mind, in accounting for any phenomena, is not satisfied with a limited and conventional survey, but weighs the combined evidence of all experience, observation, and learning.

'Philosophy, gentlemen, calling science to its aid, looks back, not a year, nor a century, nor yet a thousand years, but through countless ages; and forming its theories from facts, it gives to every creature the place assigned it in the mysteriously-written, but still intelligible history of Creation. Before the researches of science, (to which I bow,) preju-

dices give way, error hides its head, and the cherished traditions of superstition are ridiculed or forgotten.

And now, gentlemen, that we may form such a catholic and scientifically-correct estimate of the whole animal creation as will enable us to look upon the pig with an enlightened and unprejudiced eye, let me read you an extract from the celebrated geologist, Mr. Sedgwick, as quoted in the Review I hold in my hand — the *London Quarterly* for October, 1851:

‘The elevation of the *Fauna* of successive periods was not made by transmutation, but by creative additions; and it is by watching these additions that we get some insight into Nature's true historical progress. Judging by our evidence, (and by what else have we any right to judge?) there was a time when *Cephalopoda* were the highest types of animal life. They were then the *Primates* of this world, and, corresponding to their office and position, some of them were of noble structure and gigantic size. But these creatures were degraded from their rank at the head of Nature, and Fishes next took the lead: and they did not rise up in Nature in some degenerate form, as if they were but the transmuted progeny of the *Cephalopoda*, but they started into life in the very highest ichthyic type ever created. Following our history chronologically, Reptiles next took the lead; and (with some almost evanescent exceptions) they flourished during the countless ages of the secondary period as the lords and despots of the world; and they had an organic perfection corresponding to their exalted rank in Nature's kingdom; for their highest orders were not merely great in strength and stature, but were anatomically raised far above any forms of the Reptile class now living in the world. This class was, however, in its turn to lose its rank; what is more, it underwent (when considered collectively) a positive organic degradation before the end of the secondary period — and this took place countless ages before terrestrial mammals of any living type had been called into being. Mammals were added next, (near the commencement of the tertiary period,) and seem to have been added suddenly. Some of the early extinct forms of this class, which we now know only by ransacking the ancient catacombs of Nature, were powerful and gigantic, and we believe they were collectively well-fitted for the place they filled. But they, in their turn, were to be degraded from their place at the head of Nature, and she became what she now is, by the addition of Man. By this last addition she is more exalted than she was before. Man stands by himself, the despotic lord of the living world; not so great in organic strength as many of the despots that went before him in Nature's chronicle, but raised far above them all by a higher development of the brain; by a framework’ — etc. etc. etc. ‘Such is the history of creation.’ — SEDGWICK: p. 216.

‘Yes, gentlemen, such is the history of creation; not handed down to us by vain tradition, but written before language had existence, and traced by royal hands in the solid rock.

‘Such are the sermons that science extorts from stones! Man, the present primate and lord of the creation, has taken the throne successively occupied by the cephalopoda, fishes, reptiles, and mammals; and, as Cuvier, I remember, holds, is in *his* turn to yield the sceptre to some yet uncreated class. There are a thousand curious questions that present themselves upon the reception of these great truths. Perhaps the most serious and affecting are: What kind of creatures shall succeed us in our reign? At about what period will they make their appearance? Will they look upon their fallen predecessors with compassion, and treat them with kindness? Will they understand our spoken language and read our books, or will our words be to them as brutish sounds, our alphabet but hieroglyphics? Will they be carnivorous; and if so, will the creatures they immediately succeed be pleasant to their taste?

‘But without turning aside to pursue these and other interesting inquiries, let us apply the light that science thus lets in upon us to the subject of our recent investigation; and what a halo does it shed upon the name of *Brown* — martyr to compassion for a royal though degraded order!

How does it illuminate his motives; how begild even his empty purse! We remember his admiration of high birth, his partiality for noble blood. Probably, gentlemen, *very* probably, among the creatures who reigned before our lordships, and who were then all potentates, the Pig ranked high; perhaps he was the greatest mammal of them all — the 'mighty Paramount.' If size gave importance, as it undoubtedly did, how noble must he have been! Even in these, his degenerate days, his capacity of growth is almost illimitable: conceive of his greatness in the prime and preëminence of his powers! If blood was then a test among peers, how readily must the supremacy have been yielded to him! Even in this, his era of serfdom, the stream that courses through his veins tints his flesh like jewels, and gives it an ambrosial tang!

'Gentlemen! while the rest of the world admire and applaud the man who — laudably indeed — spends his time in protecting and pampering the strongest and handsomest individuals, descendants of a class or an order of whilom monarchs, be it for us to honor him who has nobly devoted himself to the most miserable of their progeny: I refer to Brown. I desire Smith, as a payment of the fine I have this night imposed on him, to prepare some account of our absent friend's self-denials for the public eye; to which, if he chooses, he may add these brief remarks of my own.

'And now, gentlemen, one more duty. It is not ours, perhaps, to harbor and sustain, on so large a scale as Brown has done, the scions of an unfortunate race. It was not ours, in the least particular, to aid our friend in his benevolent projects. Let us, at any rate, show our sympathy with his efforts, and our respect for their object. I propose, gentlemen — to be drunk in silence — *The memory of BROWN'S PIGS!*'

C O M E A W A Y .

BY MISS M. E. WOOD.

I.

Come away to the gray old woods,
Come away to the forest trees,
And hear the warm breath of summer
Sigh through the silvery leaves!
For spring has thrown a mantle,
A bright and glittering sheen,
On the branches bare, of mosses soft,
And swaying tassels green.

II.

Come, stand in this temple fair,
'Neath these arches of brown and gold,
And watch the light; how it shimmers down,
And chequers the russet mould.
How it trembles, and creeps along
'Mong the mosses and star-flowers blue;
First here, then there, afraid to stay,
Then lost in the shade and dew.

III.

Oh come where the wild-birds sing
Their chorus loud and free;
And the locust swells his trumpet-note
At noon, and the honey-bee
Carelessly skims along,
Kissing the suckles fair,
Humming his drowsy tune
Upon the slumberous air.

IV.

Oh, come where Nature holds
Her glorious carnival!
Where the fringy boughs are playing low
A hymn to the Beautiful:
Yes, come to the gray old woods,
Come to the forest trees,
And hear the warm breath of summer
Sigh through the silvery leaves!

S O M E S M A L L P O E M S :

BY R. H. STODDARD.

THE SPEECH OF LOVE.

You ask me, love, to sing of you,
Dear heart! but what, and why?
Songs are but skilful-woven words
That tinkle unto certain chords,
And are but born to die!

Words cannot show my burning love,
My spirit's secret fire;
I try to speak, and make it plain
About my pleasure and my pain:
But speech and song expire!

There is more eloquence in looks,
More poesy in sighs,
Than ever yet in speech was framed,
Or any song of poet famed,
'Though lit at ladies' eyes.

Then bid me sing of love no more,
But let me silent be;
For silence is the speech of love,
The music of the spheres above,
That best befiteth thee!

S O N G .

I SEE thee, sweet, in the world of thought;
I meet thee, dear, in the world of dreams,
And I hear thy voice in my inmost soul,
Like the music of hidden streams.

There is nothing in all the wide, wide world,
Nor in heaven above, that I love like thee;
But much that is worthless in both, I fear,
'That thou lovest better than me.

Yet art thou sure of my thoughts and dreams,
And sure of my love, whatever thou art;
For the least little glance of thy sorrowful eyes
Is a spell on my brain and my heart!

NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

THE bridal-flower you gave me,
The rose so pure and white,
I kiss it o'er and o'er, love,
With tears of soft delight!

Its odor is so heavy,
It makes me faint and pine;
It is thy kisses freighted,
That sweet, sweet love of thine!

To-morrow thou wilt give me,
For a spell of joy and power,
Thy whiter hand, my darling,
And thy heart, a richer flower:

Then this may fade and wither,
No longer kissed by me;
For these, my burning kisses,
Will then be showered on thee!

DIM grows the sky, and dusk the air,
And shadows settle every where,
Save where the embers streak the wall
With flames that soon in darkness fall.

Pensive I sit, relapsing fast
Into the dead and silent Past.
The Past returns—the dead are here;
Was that a whisper in my ear!

No, dear one, no! I did not sigh,
Nor does a tear bedim mine eye;
'T was the officious lights you brought,
And something alien to my thought:
But even if my tears *do* flow,
I weep for pleasure, not for woe:
I weep because I love thee so!

THE day is cold and dreary,
The house is full of gloom;
But out of doors, in the blessed air,
The sun is warm, the sky is fair,
And the flowers are still in bloom.

A moment ago, in the garden,
I scattered the shining dew;
The wind was soft in the swaying trees,
The morning-glories were full of bees,
So bold, that they never flew!

Yet I left them unmolested,
Draining their honey-wine,
And entered the weary house again,
To sit, as now, by a bed of pain,
With a fevered hand in mine!

A FEW frail summers had touched thee,
As they touch the fruit;
Not so bright as thy hair the sun-shine,
Not so sweet as thy voice, the lute.
Hushed the voice, shorn the hair; all is over:
An urn of white ashes remains:
Nothing else, save the tears in our eyes,
And our bitterest, bitterest pains!

WE garland the urn with white roses,
Burn incense and gums on the shrine,
Play old tunes with the saddest of closes,
Dear tunes that were thine!
But in vain, all in vain;
Thou art gone—we remain!

WRECKS of clouds of a sombre gray,
Like the ribbed remains of a mastodon,
Were piled in masses along the west,
And a streak of red stretched over the sun.

I stood on the deck of the ferry-boat,
As the summer evening deepened to night,
Where the tides of the river ran darkly past,
Through lengthening pillars of crinkled light.

The wind blew over the briny waves,
With its salt sea-breath, and a country balm,
And it seemed to cool my fevered brain,
And lend my spirit its gusty calm.

The forest of masts, the dark-hulled ships,
The twinkling lights, and the sea of men,
No longer a riddle, read themselves,
And I knew their inner meaning then!

For while the beautiful moon arose,
And drifted the boat in her yellow beams,
My soul went down the river of thought
That flows in the mystic land of dreams.

T O B E A B I R D .

WERE I a little winged bird,
As oft I wish to be,
I would not live another day
In this dark city, but away
To lands beyond the sea.

In some old wood my nest I'd build,
From other birds apart:
No wing among the boughs would be
So swift as mine, no song so free;
So pure, no human heart!

The sun-light dripping through the leaves,
The leaves themselves a-stir —
The rain-drops pattering on the roof,
The queenly moon, the pearléd woof
The moon doth drag with her, —

These joys, and those that songs impart,
The rarest ever heard,
The lark's, the nightingale's divine,
And also mine, would all be mine,
Were I a happy bird!

But now! — I'm very like a bird,
Above this ledger's page;
And those dry masts are woods along
The sounding sea, and this a song! —
The city is my cage!

T H E B A R D O F O ' C O N N O R .

PHILIP O'CONNOR was defeated and slain at Athunree, by WILLIAM DE BURGH, on the 10th of August, 1316. EDWARD the Second then reigned in England.

He stood before young EDWARD's throne,
The chief of Erin's minstrel-band,
O'CONNOR's bard, unprized, alone,
A captive in the stranger's land;
But still he laughed in fierce disdain,
And weaved full oft a scornful verse,
Unmindful of the spoiler's chain,
And heedless of the foeman's curse.

He looked on England's cross, revealed
When hosts went forth in martial pride,
And thought but of the distant field
On which his King and kindred died:
He gazed on England's great and fair,
In many a proud and bannered hall,
But saw no grace or glory there:
He mused but on his country's fall.

Who shall that wayward captive blame?
Or marvel that his soul abhorred
Stern men who loved but steel and flame,
Apostles of the torch and sword;
Men, whom his sires had ever seen
Where bonds were forged and blood was spilt;
Whose gift to him and his had been
Long, joyless years of strife and guilt?

He waked, at last, a glorious song;
A strain of ages passed away,
While yet O'CONNOR's house was strong,
Nor feared DE BURGH's iron sway;
He thought of Erin, spurned and crushed,
Her mightiest sons, the chained, the dead,
And ere the trembling chords were hushed,
That minstrel's lofty spirit fled.

Nor, Erin, thou *his* loss deplore,
Nor at *one* heart's quenched hopes repine:
His was the fate of thousands more;
The blight which lies on all that's thine!
The galling bond, and rebel's tomb,
Have ever been, and yet must be,
The sole reward, the certain doom
Of him who dares to feel for thee.

JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

ISAAC T. HOPPER: A TRUE LIFE. With a Portrait. By L. MARIA CHILD. In one volume: pp. 493. Boston: JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY. New-York: LEWIS COLBY AND COMPANY.

Who is there, for the last twenty years a resident in New-York, that does not remember the compact, shortish, stout-built, active Quaker, whose portrait—an excellent one, by PAGE—fronts the title-page of the well-printed book before us? In our mind's eye we see him now, as we have seen him a thousand times, with his cocked hat, his dead-drab coat, his spotless linen, his sturdy calves, encased in a pair of close-fitting fine stockings, into which his legs seemed to have been run, as into a mould; with that imperturbable countenance, lips compressed with a kind of *circumventive* expression, and eye ever looking straight forward. That was ISAAC T. HOPPER, with whom we never exchanged a word in the world, but whom, now that he is dead, we cannot help thinking we knew as well, from his appearance, and the public reports of his character, as if we had been on intimate terms with him for years. JOSEPH BONAPARTE once remarked to a friend, on board a steam-boat bound up the Delaware to his residence at Bordentown, that he bore an extremely strong resemblance to his brother the Emperor NAPOLEON. (He didn't look so much like LOUIS, probably.) Mrs. CHILD's admiration for her subject has caused her to make a big work for so simple a biography; but it is largely made up of the narratives and anecdotes of fugitive slaves which were originally written by himself, and published in a weekly journal, under the title of 'Tales of Oppression.' Several of these we remember having read at the time of their first appearance, and many of them are doubtless familiar to the public. Mrs. CHILD has re-modelled them all; partly, she says, because she wished to present them in a more concise form, and 'partly because the principal actor could be spoken of more freely by a third person than he could speak of himself;' added to which, her subject had a much more dramatic way of *telling* a story, than of *writing* it; and this unwritten style she has endeavored to embody, as nearly as she could remember it.

'Friend HOPPER,' as he was called, was a sort of 'Old HAYES' among fugitive slave-claimers; and in this regard was as 'well known as the town-pump,' both in Philadelphia and New-York. His sympathies were so strong,

that while he seldom lost sight of what *he* thought right in one direction, there were others who thought he could not be right in *any*. Probably, at this moment, the last thing that would be thought of, would be a monument to the memory of ISAAC T. HOPPER, in a public square in Charleston, South-Carolina, or in an Orthodox-Quaker burying-ground in New-York or Philadelphia. And yet in both cities there will not be wanting enemies and 'Friends' to do justice to his determined energy, his 'tried obstinacy,' and his imperturbable self-reliance, whatsoever the one or the other may think of his particular acts. Instead of quoting the oft-told 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach' to which fugitive-slaves were subjected, we choose rather the following illustration of the effect of 'acts' 'under the law' of kindness, which is told in Mrs. CHILD's most simple and effective vein :

'ONCE, when his father and the workmen had been cutting down a quantity of timber, ISAAC discovered a squirrel's nest in a hole of one of the trees that had fallen. It contained four new-born little ones, their eyes not yet opened. He was greatly tempted to carry them home, but they were so young that they needed their mother's milk. So, after examining them, he put them back in the nest, and with his usual busy helpfulness went to assist in stripping bark from the trees. When he went home from his work, toward evening, he felt curious to see how the mother-squirrel would behave when she returned and found her home was gone. He accordingly hid himself in a bush to watch her proceedings. About dusk she came running along the stone-wall with a nut in her mouth, and went with all speed to the old familiar tree. Finding nothing but a stump remaining there, she dropped the nut and looked around in evident dismay. She went smelling all about the ground, then mounted the stump to take a survey of the country. She raised herself on her hind-legs and snuffed the air, with an appearance of great perplexity and distress. She ran round the stump several times, occasionally raising herself on her hind-legs, and peering about in every direction, to discover what had become of her young family. At last, she jumped on the prostrate trunk of the tree, and ran along till she came to the hole where her babies were concealed. What the manner of their meeting was, no body can tell; but doubtless the mother's heart beat violently when she discovered her lost treasures all safe on the warm little bed of moss she had so carefully prepared for them. After staying a few minutes to give them their supper, she came out, and scampered off through the bushes. In about fifteen minutes she returned and took one of the young ones in her mouth, and carried it quickly to a hole in another tree, three or four hundred yards off, and then came back and took the others, one by one, till she had conveyed them all to their new home. The intelligent instinct manifested by this little quadruped excited great interest in ISAAC's observing mind. When he drove the cows to pasture, he always went by that tree, to see how the young family were getting along. In a short time, they were running all over the tree with their careful mother, eating acorns under the shady boughs, entirely unconscious of the perils through which they had passed in infancy.

'Some time after, ISAAC traded with another boy for a squirrel taken from the nest before its eyes were opened. He made a bed of moss for it, and fed it very tenderly. At first, he was afraid it would not live; but it seemed healthy, though it never grew so large as other squirrels. He did not put it in a cage; for he said to himself that a creature made to frisk about in the green woods could not be happy shut up in a box. This pretty little animal became so much attached to her kind-hearted protector, that she would run about after him, and come like a kitten whenever he called her. While he was gone to school, she frequently ran off to the woods and played with wild squirrels on a tree that grew near his path homeward. Sometimes she took a nap in a large knot-hole, or, if the weather was very warm, made a cool bed of leaves across a crotch of the boughs, and slept there. When ISAAC passed under the tree, on his way from school, he used to call 'Bun! Bun! Bun!' If she was there, she would come to him immediately, run up on his shoulder, and so ride home to get her supper.

'It seemed as if animals were in some way aware of his kindly feelings, and disposed to return his confidence; for on several occasions they formed singular intimacies with him. When he was six or seven years old, he espied a crow's nest in a high tree, and, according to his usual custom, he climbed up to make discoveries. He found that it contained two eggs, and he watched the crow's movements until her young ones were hatched and ready to fly. Then he took them home. One was accidentally killed a few days after, but he reared the other and named it CURRY. The bird became so very tame, that it would feed from his hand, perch on his shoulder or his hat, and go every where with him. It frequently followed him for miles, when he went to mill or market. He was never put into a cage, but flew in and out of the house, just as he pleased. If

ISAAC called 'Cu! Cu!' he would hear him, even if he were up in the highest tree, would croak a friendly answer, and come down directly. If ISAAC winked one eye, the crow would do the same. If he winked his other eye, the crow also winked with his other eye. Once, when CUPID was on his shoulder, he pointed to a snake lying in the road, and said 'Cu! Cu!' The sagacious bird pounced on the head of the snake and killed him instantly; then flew back to his friend's shoulder, cawing with all his might, as if delighted with his exploit. If a stranger tried to take him, he would fly away, screaming with terror. Sometimes ISAAC covered him with a handkerchief and placed him on a stranger's shoulder; but as soon as he discovered where he was, he seemed frightened almost to death. He usually chose to sleep on the roof of a shed, directly under ISAAC's bed-room window. One night he heard him cawing very loud, and the next morning he said to his father: 'I heard CUPID talking in his sleep last night.' His father inquired whether he had seen him since; and when ISAAC answered 'No,' he said: 'Then I am afraid the owls have taken him.' The poor bird did not make his appearance again; and a few days after, his bones and feathers were found on a stump, not far from the house. This was a great sorrow for ISAAC: It tried his young heart almost like the loss of a brother.'

This is but a fair specimen of the style of Mrs. CHILD's 'Life' of her friend; and the reader will admit that it is equally unpretending and effective. The volume is printed upon excellent paper and large, clear types; a book-physiognomy which has much to do in introducing candidates for public favor into 'good society.'

SIX MONTHS IN ITALY. By GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD. In two volumes: pp. 387. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

WE have almost come to regard works upon, or travels in Italy, as another name for a literary bore. So many books have been written by tourists, who went abroad carrying their brains in their pockets, without the capacity, in the first place, of observing, and without the ability, in the second, to record their observations, indifferently howsoever they might be, that one takes up a book of Italian travel with great misgivings, if not very positive distrust. But we are happy to record better things of the pleasing and instructive traveller, whose two very handsomely-executed volumes lie (*read*) before us.—We had written thus far, when up the breezy lawn came our village news-boy with the morning journals; and in one of them—the '*Times*'—we found our own views of Mr. HILLARD's volumes so forcibly expressed, that we venture to substitute them in this place:

'Has a writer upon Italy any thing to tell us that is new, or has he the power of telling old stories in a novel manner, are questions to which we can seldom give an affirmative answer. In Mr. HILLARD's case, we can reply, most satisfactorily to all parties concerned, that his old stories are newly told, and that so much in his volume is new and fresh, that his work has all the charm of novelty, embellished by a happy style, and pregnant with the felicitous allusions of a refined and clerly scholarship.

'And yet, it may be asked, what *can* be newly said about Italy? If we have read EUSTACE, have we not exhausted its classical *prestige*, as far as it can be illustrated by any writer? If we are familiar with FORSYTH, what can a new tourist tell us of the architectural glories of the Eternal City? If we have read CHATEAUBRIAND, MME. DE STAEL, GOETHE, and Lady MORGAN, and are familiar, as of course we are, with the poems and diary of Lord BYRON, and the poems and letters of SHELLEY, what can a mere tourist add to our knowledge of Italy? what can he say that is not a mere reiteration and impertinence?

'If Mr. HILLARD were an ordinary tourist, his volumes might be easily dismissed with a faint commendatory notice. But he has almost all the attractions of a new writer

with a new vein. Amid the crowd of books which every year flood the Italian field of travel, he has added one work to those few—five or six in fifty years—which become books of reference for all succeeding tourists. That his style is chaste and scholar-like; that he adorns all that he describes with the grace of eloquence, and that his power of illustration is unrivalled, every reader who is familiar with his reputation will readily believe.

‘A very large portion of these volumes is devoted to the works of art which are so abundant in the museums and galleries and private houses of the Italian cities. These, it is true, have been described again and again, but Mr. HILLARD has brought a new eye to the objects of the world’s love and wonder. His criticism is individual; he does not echo former judgments, and he is, moreover, thorough, profound, and elaborate. With a due sense of the merit of earlier works, we confess that we do not know the writer on Italy whose labors we can so unhesitatingly commend. There is not likely to be any publication issued during the coming season that will be more extensively read than this work of Mr. HILLARD.’

TANGLEWOOD TALES FOR GIRLS AND BOYS: being a second ‘Wonder-Book.’ By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. In one volume: pp. 336. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

WE quite agree with Mr. EUSTACE BRIGHT, the imaginary author of the mythological stories contained in this beautiful volume, that they are ‘better chosen and better handled’ than those which proved so popular in the ‘Wonder-Book,’ by the same writer. We have not been accustomed, even when we were younger than at present, to regard mythological tales with much favor; nor, so far as our observation goes, do children generally esteem them to possess much attraction. But not so with the new, simple, and picturesque ‘renderings’ of them by Mr. HAWTHORNE. He has breathed anew into them the breath of life, and brought them freshly before the little people of ‘this dim and ignorant present.’ ‘EUSTACE told me,’ says his editor, in his introductory ‘Wayside Chapter,’ which is in his usual felicitous vein, ‘that these myths were the most singular things in the world, and that he was invariably astonished, whenever he began to relate one, by the readiness with which it adapted itself to the childish purity of his auditors. The objectionable characteristics seem to be a parasitical growth, having no essential connection with the original fable. They fall away, and are thought of no more, the instant he puts his imagination in sympathy with the innocent little circle whose wide-open eyes are fixed so eagerly upon him. Thus the stories (not by any strained effort of the narrator’s, but in harmony with their inherent germ) transform themselves, and reassume the shapes which they might be supposed to possess in the pure childhood of the world. When the first poet or romancer told these marvellous legends, (such is EUSTACE BRIGHT’s opinion,) it was still the Golden Age. Evil had never yet existed; and sorrow, misfortune, crime, were mere shadows which the mind fancifully created for itself, as a shelter against too sunny realities; or, at most, but prophetic dreams, to which the dreamer himself did not yield a waking credence. Children are now the only representatives of the men and women of that happy era; and therefore it is that we must raise the intellect and fancy to the level of childhood, in order to re-create the original myths.’

We quite agree with Mr. BRIGHT's editor, that 'he really appears to have overcome the usual objections against these fables;' and the 'liberties with the original structure,' of which the editor speaks, are, as we have already intimated, the very charm of the volume. An extract or two will illustrate and fortify our praise. Here is a graphic picture of the brazen giant TALUS, walking around the island of Crete, at the rate of eighteen hundred miles in twenty-four hours, challenging all vessels that approached; a sort of monstrous jackal to the monstrous MINOTAUR:

'STILL the vessel went bounding onward; and now THESEUS could hear the brazen clangor of the giant's foot-steps, as he trod heavily upon the sea-beaten rocks, some of which were seen to crack and crumble into the foamy waves beneath his weight. As they approached the entrance of the port, the giant straddled clear across it, with a foot firmly planted on each headland, and uplifting his club to such a height that its butt-end was hidden in a cloud, he stood in that formidable posture, with the sun gleaming all over his metallic surface. There seemed nothing else to be expected but that, the next moment, he would fetch his great club down, slam-bang, and smash the vessel into a thousand pieces, without heeding how many innocent people he might destroy; for there is seldom any mercy in a giant, you know, and quite as little in a piece of brass clock-work. But just when THESEUS and his companions thought the blow was coming, the brazen lips unclosed themselves, and the figure spoke:

'Whence come you, strangers?'

'And when the ringing voice ceased, there was just such a reverberation as you may have heard within a great church-bell, for a moment or two after the stroke of the hammer.

'From Athens!' shouted the master in reply.

'On what errand?' thundered the Man of Brass.

'And he whirled his club aloft more threateningly than ever, as if he were about to smite them with a thunder-stroke right amid-ships, because Athens, so little while ago, had been at war with Crete.

'We bring the seven youths and the seven maidens,' answered the master, 'to be devoured by the Minotaur!'

'Pass!' cried the brazen giant.

'That one loud word rolled all about the sky, while again there was a booming reverberation within the figure's breast. The vessel glided between the headlands of the port, and the giant resumed his march. In a few moments, this wondrous sentinel was far away, flashing in the distant sun-shine, and revolving with immense strides around the island of Crete, as it was his never-ceasing task to do.'

After Prince THESEUS had sought out the gigantic Minotaur and killed him in his awful cave, old TALUS was not quite so willing to give the 'pass'-word when, with his seven maidens, he wished to pass from the brazen tyrant's dominions:

'In a few moments, the white foam was boiling up before their prow, as Prince THESEUS and his companions sailed out of the harbor, with a whistling breeze behind them. TALUS, the brazen giant, on his never-ceasing sentinel's march, happened to be approaching that part of the coast; and they saw him, by the glimmer of the moon-beams on his polished surface, while he was yet a great way off. As the figure moved like clock-work, however, and could neither hasten his enormous strides nor retard them, he arrived at the port when they were just beyond the reach of his club. Nevertheless, straddling from headland to headland, as his custom was, TALUS attempted to strike a blow at the vessel, and, overreaching himself, tumbled at full length into the sea, which splashed high over his gigantic shape, as when an ice-berg turns a somerset. There he lies yet; and whoever desires to enrich himself by means of brass had better go thither with a diving-bell, and fish up TALUS.'

The familiar style and minute description of ANTÆUS and the PYGMIES, 'out-GULLIVERS GULLIVER;' while the 'keeping' of every one part with every other part, is equally exact and amusing. The Pygmies going with their little axes and cutting down the grain, 'exactly as a wood-cutter makes a clearing in the forest,' and the sad accidents which sometimes happened, 'when a stalk of wheat, with its over-burdened top, came crashing down

upon an unfortunate Pygmy,' are admirable instances of the characteristics we have indicated. And as for their giant neighbor, who was bigger, if possible, than they were little, he becomes truly a 'great character' in the renewing and improving hands of Mr. BRIGHT. 'Voilà:'

'He was so very tall that he carried a pine-tree which was eight feet through the butt, for a walking-stick. It took a far-sighted Pygmy, I can assure you, to discern his summit without the help of a telescope; and sometimes, in misty weather, they could not see his upper half, but only his long legs, which seemed to be striding about by themselves. But at noon-day, in a clear atmosphere, when the sun shone brightly over him, the Giant ANTÆUS presented a very grand spectacle. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man, with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye (which was as big as a cart-wheel, and placed right in the centre of his forehead) giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

'The Pygmies loved to talk with ANTÆUS; and fifty times a day, one or another of them would turn up his head, and shout through the hollow of his fists, 'Halloo, brother ANTÆUS! How are you, my good fellow?' And when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the Giant would make answer, 'Pretty well, brother Pygmy, I thank you,' in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft. . . . When the sun was too hot, he often sat himself down, and let his shadow fall over the kingdom, from one frontier to the other; and as for matters in general, he was wise enough to let them alone, and leave the Pygmies to manage their own affairs; which, after all, is about the best thing that great people can do for little ones.'

'ANTÆUS loved the Pygmies, and the Pygmies loved ANTÆUS. The Giant's life being as long as his body was large, while the life-time of a Pygmy was but a span, this friendly intercourse had been going on for innumerable generations and ages. It was written about in the Pygmy histories, and talked about in their ancient traditions. The most venerable and white-bearded Pygmy had never heard of a time, even in his greatest of grand-father's days, when the Giant was not their enormous friend. Once, to be sure, (as was recorded on an obelisk, three feet high, erected on the place of the catastrophe,) ANTÆUS sat down upon about five thousand Pygmies who were assembled at a military review. But this was one of those unlucky accidents for which no body is to blame; so that the small folks never took it to heart, and only requested the Giant to be careful for ever afterwards to examine the acre of ground where he intended to squat himself.'

'On all their holidays, the Pygmies had excellent sport with ANTÆUS. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridge of a hill; and it was a good hour's walk, no doubt, for a short-legged Pygmy to journey from head to foot of the Giant. He would lay down his great hand flat on the grass, and challenge the tallest of them to clamber upon it, and straddle from finger to finger. So fearless were they, that they made nothing of creeping in among the folds of his garments. When his head lay side-wise on the earth, they would march boldly up, and peep into the great cavern of his mouth, and take it all as a joke (as indeed it was meant) when ANTÆUS gave a sudden snap with his jaws, as if he were going to swallow fifty of them at once. You would have laughed to see the children dodging in and out among his hair, or swinging from his beard. It is impossible to tell half of the funny tricks that they played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that any thing was more curious than when a party of boys were seen running races on his forehead, to try which of them could get first round the circle of his one great eye. It was another favorite feat with them to march along the bridge of his nose, and jump down upon his upper lip.'

'If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the Giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes, especially as they had a fondness for mischief, and liked to prick his skin with their little swords and lances, to see how thick and tough it was. But ANTÆUS took it all kindly enough; although, once in a while, when he happened to be sleepy, he would grumble out a peevish word or two, like the muttering of a tempest, and ask them to have done with their nonsense.'

For the rest—and there are four other tales, 'The Dragon's Teeth,' 'CIRCE'S Palace,' 'The Pomegranate Seeds,' and 'The Golden Fleece,'—the reader must be referred to the volume itself, which, beside being characterized by the accustomed care and neatness of the publishers and printers, is illustrated with a few very fine wood-engravings.

THE STORY OF MONT BLANC. By ALBERT SMITH. In one volume: pp. 208. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY, Park-Place.

ANY one who has visited the panorama of the 'Ascent of Mont Blanc,' by Mr. OWENS, in this city, would do well to secure this handsome, and very entertaining and instructive little volume. Aside from the main portion of the book, the minute detail of the author's recent ascent of the 'Monarch of the mountains,' it contains an account, in the form of a journal, of a previous visit with a companion, both travelling in the simplest and most economical manner, the very description of which is in itself a delight. And touching this, the writer observes: 'If there is any thing more delightful than travelling with plenty of money, it is certainly making a journey of pleasure with very little; provided, always, that health and spirits are good, and that one can find a companion similarly positioned. Circumstances and necessities throw you out of beaten tracks of proceeding, and make you acquainted with odd folks and adventures; not being bound by any conventional laws of travelling, you are more independent to wander wherever you please; and above all, there is little after-regret at the prospect of overbalancing the pleasure derived from the trip, by the anticipation of winter-retrenchment, to make up for the expenses thereby incurred.' In reproducing his 'Diary,' Mr. SMITH has forcibly illustrated and fully verified, by his own case and that of his companion, the truth of his position. He did not, however, go over Italy with only a 'shirt and a pocket-comb,' like the traveller of whom he speaks; but, at a moderate rate of calculated expenditure which would have done credit to Dr. FRANKLIN himself, the two pedestrians journeyed on, seeing the best views at the best seasons, and taking, literally, the *crème de la crème* of the scenery, and the edibles and potables of the country. Some idea of their frugal style may be gathered from the following passage from the Diary:

'Our worthy old host gave us a letter to the landlord of the Hotel de la Tour, begging him to treat us as students in his charges. We bargained for some hard-boiled eggs at one of the cottages, waiting whilst they were cooked, and then marched on to the *Tête Noire* Pass, where we halted for breakfast at a little tavern, perched up high on the mountain like an eyrie, where they found us wine and a loaf. At the top of the Forclaz, the magnificent mountain barrier between Chamouni and the Vallais, we halted to bathe, in a natural basin, off the road, where a block of granite had stopped up the torrent, and here we determined to wash our things, which was a laughable affair enough. We spread them out on a flat stone, and knocked them with another, as we had seen the washerwomen do at the fountains, and then put them to dry in the hot sun. They were not particularly well 'got-up,' to be sure, but very clean. This was a good notion, for we must have waited two or three days to have had them done properly, and on the mountains shirt-fronts are not the chief objects of curiosity. During this halt, we finished our eggs, and drank *Kirschwasser* and water, and got to Martigny at six o'clock, where our host's letter was of use, for we had a famous hot supper for two francs each.'

Mr. SMITH's own account of his ascent having been so recent, and so widely quoted from English journals, we refrain from extracts, albeit sorely tempted. The annexed description of the first discoverer of the 'pass' to Mont Blanc, will well reward perusal: 'The storm increased, and not daring to expose himself to the dangers of a solitary descent in the darkness, he resolved to spend the night alone, in the centre of this desert of ice, and at an elevation of *fourteen thousand feet* above the level of the sea.'

He had no food, and was but poorly clad; night was rapidly coming on, and the frozen flakes fell more heavily every minute. He therefore got under the lee of one of the rocks, and contrived to heap up against it sufficient snow to form a kind of niche, into which he crept, and blockaded himself, as well as he was able, from the storm. And there, an atom on the ghastly and immeasurable waste of eternal frost that extended on every side around him, in awful, unearthly silence, unbroken by any sound from the remote living world — half dead already from the piercing cold, and with limbs inflamed and stiffened by the labor he had already undergone, he passed the long uncertain hours of that terrible night.

At last, morning broke. Far away in the east, BALMAT saw its earliest lights rising behind the giants of the Bernese Oberland who guarded the horizon, and one after another the Jungfrau, Eiger, and the Finsteraarhorn stood out bright and sharp in the clear cold air. The storm had cleared altogether; the morning was calm and mild; comparatively so, even at that elevation; and, as BALMAT painfully endeavored to move his almost paralyzed limbs into action, he found that his feet had lost all sensation — they were frost-bitten! He could, however, move them, and without pain. The night-frost had hardened the snow; presently the sun-light came down the top of Mont Blanc to the Dome du Gouté, and then, still keeping up his courage through every thing, this brave fellow determined to devote the day to surveying the mountain, and seeing if any practicable course to the summit presented itself on the vast and untrodden deserts of snow. His courage was rewarded: he found that if the crevices that border the Grand Plateau were once crossed, the path to the top of Mont Blanc was clear and unbroken before him; and he then traced out the route which has, with little variation, been followed ever since; and which appears to be, beyond doubt, the only practicable one.'

The volume, beside being very neatly executed, is embellished with three or four good engravings, illustrating the difficulties and perils of ascending mountains that 'pinnacle in clouds their snowy scalps.'

THE HUNDRED BOSTON ORATORS Appointed by the Municipal Authorities and other Public Bodies, from 1770 to 1852: Comprising Historical Gleanings, illustrating the Principles and Progress of our Republican Institutions. By JAMES SPEAR LORING. In one volume: pp. 720. Boston: JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY. Cleveland, Ohio: JEWETT, PROCTOR AND WORTHINGTON.

This is an excellent thought, and faithfully carried out; and is such an embodiment of historical information, and New-England patriotism, sentiment, and feeling, as can no where else be found. The editor brought to his task an evident love of his work, and indefatigable industry in securing, and good judgment in selecting his materials, of which he has embodied a formidable mass, in relation to our own political and national history, 'after poring over valuable manuscripts, newspapers, printed for more than a hundred years past, every variety of periodicals, pamphlets, and a multitude of other authorities, essential to the completion of his design.' The volume, in short, is the result of a most careful research, pursued with an untiring devotion for a period of nearly four years. Its pages are dedicated 'To the Glorious Memory of SAMUEL ADAMS, JOHN HANCOCK, and THOMAS CUSHING, a noble triumvirate, and the foremost of the great Promoters of the American Revolution.' It might perhaps be inferred, by one who had not seen the work, that a volume devoted to extracts from a hundred orators, and to a brief description of the antecedents of each, must be monotonous reading. But not so: the historical incidents and briefly-indicated facts, in the biographical sketches, are of unflagging interest.

EDITOR'S TABLE

'Up the River, August 8.

'I SAID something about mosquitoes, which, after all, is too serious a matter to trifle with. The frequent rains have been productive of great swarms of these detestable and annoying visitors, who are ranked in the same category with fleas and a certain nameless domestic bug. It takes a strong wind or a sharp frost to annihilate these blood-suckers on wings. When they get into the upper rooms, there they stick, and the whole household must be resolved into a vigilant police to detect them in their secret hiding-places. Before retiring for the night, you take a candle and trim the wick so as to afford a clear light, shut down the windows, and commence the search. This is pleasant work, and is performed with all the alacrity which attends the satisfaction of a deep grudge. To stop their music for the night and evermore, is the object of your candle-light campaign. And first, you take a general survey of the walls to see the number and disposition of the troops, hearken with the acute ear of an Indian to detect the hum of preparation in the distance, and take notice of a few scouts who are moving about. Then you set down the candle, pull off your coat and shoes, turn up your wristbands, and take a soiled towel, to apply it again to practical use before it is tossed into the basket. Fold the towel neatly, so that it may lie flat on the palm of your hand, and go to work on the JOHNSONIAN theory, that 'killing is no murder.' Never mind the walls. Looks are a minor consideration to true comfort: a maxim which is little practised by some people now-a-days. Now, my little MARETZKS, your opera will not succeed to-night. It costs too much; there are too many tenors in the band. With satisfaction you look upon the first victim. He is pendent on the ceiling, with his head to the antipodes, sticking or moving about with a secure foot-hold, on the principle of exhaustion of the air and pressure of the external atmosphere. How marvellous the apparatus! There is at present a great man-fly who can walk upon walls, but not so glibly. The mosquito is directly over your bed, a fine, plump fellow, with blithe legs. Slap!—he has departed this life, *felix opportunitate mortis*. Twirl him up in your fingers, and be astonished that from a speck of dust such an ingenious, vital piece of mechanism could have been formed: a proboscis as wonderful as the elephant's; an apparatus for exhaust-

ing the air more perfect than man can make; a faculty for disturbing the temper and exciting to action some of the strongest passions of a philosophic man! There's another. Ah! he's gone; flown clear over to the most remote part of the room. The rascals dodge if they do but catch your eye, refusing to look you in the face; and from that time until the lights are out and all is still, they skulk. Do not fight the battle by halves; pursue the fugitives; track them to their ambuscades; shake the counterpanes and loose articles of dress; look high, look low on your hands and knees; inspect the carpet. Behold the little fellow on the very angle of the mantel-piece. Slap!—that's good! he's out of harm's way, and that makes two. You don't see any more, but you hear one, and by no means think it a small matter if there is only one. He will be sure to find you out; he is there for the express purpose of preying on flesh and blood. Fee—fo—fum! Dead or alive, he will have some. Hanging above your head in some uncertain part of the firmament, he will sing for the half hour, alight momentarily on your forehead; change his mind and descend on your hand; finding it not very plump, he will go to your ankles; convinced that he has made a mistake, will return to head-quarters and bite your temples, while you box your ears and slap your cheeks in vain. One mosquito is as good as a swarm; for in the morning you wake up, if you have been asleep at all, and find yourself vaccinated in a hundred places with virulent poison, covered with blotches, wishing that you had a hundred hands, and that they were all actively employed in scratching. BRIAREUS alone would be in a state of tolerable comfort. With regard to instinct, the mosquito is not a whit inferior to the more sizable nuisances of creation. He prefers the cheek of a young maiden, but if she is Turkishly veiled, he can sip from another source under the wing of a horse-fly. As to man, the uses of this affliction are uncertain; but perhaps these petty stings are intended to prepare the way for his sublimer sorrows.

'AUGUST 9.—There is a saying that the 'winter goes out like a lion.' The same expression might be applied to summer, if there is any fierceness in the sun. Some days at the latter part of the season—those which announce the advent of the locusts, and precede the arrival of the katydids—become notorious for a raging heat, like that which comes from the Desert of Sahara. Their character is duly chronicled and remembered. The silvery tides steal up in the long and glassy reservoirs. The temperature of these days is productive of a languor and dead sickness. In vain the plums are plentiful, and the grapes become ripe, and the harvest-apples blush with a red tinge; no sight is agreeable but that of the rippling waves, and no sound but that of the tinkling ice. O ye breakers of Rockaway! you apostrophize; would that I might dash into your midst! O ye rivers which lave the shores, might I but dip my feet in your waves! O thou cataract of Niagara! that I could at this moment behold you plunge! O ices and snows of the Alpine mountains, how agreeable your sight! O avalanches!—ANNE! ANNE! ANNE! where are you? Bring a bucket of fresh water, and throw this lukewarm fluid away! How hot is this black collar! There, there! This button pinches the throat! I am going to pull my coat off, and my waist-coat!

That feels better. Now I hope that no persons will come. If they do, I shall not see them. Preserve me from intrusion on a very cold day, or on a very warm. At these times you read the bills of mortality and think of your fat friends, your sickly acquaintances, the city babies who are toted about the parks. You can't eat your dinner. With a desperate malignity, you attack the faults of every body whom you know. Then you take up the newspaper and complain that it is dull, nothing stirring. A great many people are sun-struck. Stupid hod-carriers! perhaps they were never struck with any thing else in their lives. Every body is out of humor, and this is plainly shown in the daily papers. One man complains that he cannot see at the Opera, at the Castle Garden, because there is a pillar in the way right in front of the stage; another, that the boiler of the steam-boat on which he travelled blew up; another, that the mails are irregularly carried, or that the telegraph is not worth a rush; a fourth, that as he journeyed in the omnibus, a bullet was shot into it by a negro as black as soot: all calling upon the Editor, by the virtue which is in him, to avenge these injuries, which have become intolerable and not to be endured. As to the pistol-shot, for my own part, I am perfectly convinced that you cannot pack fourteen or sixteen people, promiscuously brought together in an omnibus, (which is the ordinary load,) among whom there is not at least one deserving to be shot. Let us hear no more on that score, since no body was hurt, and the negro is at large. This last exploit was perfectly trivial compared with what is done in the city every day. I remember a fat virago who had beaten her husband, and entered a pathetic plea in his behalf before the Judge. He had invited a friend to smoke a pipe with him, and all which he had done was to deposit a little gun-powder in the bowl of the pipe, so that when it exploded, it carried away the end of his friend's nose. 'What of that?' she protested; 'was it worth while for a thing of that kind to bring a poor man into court for every body to stare at?' Certainly not. But perhaps all this smacks of peevishness and hot weather. As SAXE says, with much facility of numbers:

'HEAVEN help us all in these terrific days!
The burning sun upon the earth is pelting
With his directest, fiercest, hottest rays,
And every thing is melting.

While prudent mortals curb with strictest care
All vagrant curs, it seems the queerest puzzle,
The Dog-star rages rabid through the air,
Without the slightest muzzle.

'But Jove is wise and equal in his sway,
Howe'er it seems to clash with human reason:
His fiery dogs will soon have had their day,
And men shall have a season.'

'AUGUST 10. — SMYTHE, who came here to spend the summer, expected to-day his little Mexican pony, which had been in the battle of Buena Vista. I rode down to the boat in SMYTHE's carriage with his man ALEXANDER. On approaching, the little black war-horse was descried in company of several others on the bow. He was a well-rounded animal, with a flowing mane, handsome tail, and mischievous eye. No sooner had ALEXANDER conducted him upon

the sands than he began to make amends for his cramped position on the voyage, rearing upon his hind-legs, and squealing prodigiously. Among other feats, he stood almost upright, his head high in air, and attempted to plant his hoofs on ALEXANDER's *crown*, which would have been the ruin of that regal piece of furniture. After that, he curvetted about, and finally succeeded in tearing the halter out of ALEXANDER's hand. Some one then assisted in passing the rope between his teeth and fastening the noose tightly over his nose, after which he consented to be led. This being slow work, SMYTHE told ALEXANDER to get into the carriage, wind the rope round his hand, and so conduct him in the rear. We had proceeded about two miles peaceably, and the sun was down, when MEXICO, perceiving some excellent herbage by the way-side, gave the halter a sudden jerk, and he was loose. To catch him appeared easy, but it turned out to be difficult. For no sooner had you approached within a few feet of him than he gave a bound and retreated down the road about a hundred yards, where he began again quietly to graze. This he repeated many times, until he had travelled back a half a mile, when he was caught. 'Now,' says SMYTHE, 'this time do you hold him tightly.' But scarcely had the carriage started than he pulled most violently, tore the skin from ALEXANDER's hand, and was off. All effort was now made to capture the mischievous little beast; but becoming irritated, at last, by having his will thwarted, he dashed off on the full gallop to the water-side, where he soon came plump up to his belly in a deep marsh, and we could see him in the dim twilight, floundering and flopping about with prodigious violence, and entirely beyond reach. SMYTHE came back in a most vindictive passion, exhausting a vocabulary of no choice epithets, saying that he might go where he liked and get drowned; that he should not trouble his head about him: and so drove home in moody silence. 'Where's the horse?' exclaimed all the ladies on the piazza. 'Where's your horse?' exclaimed one and another, till the question became vexatious in the extreme. SMYTHE drank three cups of tea, lit a cigar, and stood in silence on the bank, marking the effect of moon-shine on the flashing waves, and listening to the hoarse suspiration of the porpoises who were disporting in the full tide. At ten o'clock the pony was brought home, covered with mud, in an ugly temper, and disposed to bite.

'AUGUST 11.—SMYTHE intended his Buena Vista for a ladies' saddle-horse, but his war-horse attitudes and rough-and-ready way of holding the reins made it necessary to put him in harness. He was accordingly hitched to a carriage, the lash was smartly laid on, and his master and I proceeded at a rapid pace over some of the most romantic hill-tops of the country. Here MEXICO at first justified his reputation as a most gentle creature, only a little lively from the effect of oats, and full of fun. He came very near, however, getting us into trouble. In passing over a mill-dam, where there was some little commotion of the water, he shied in the middle of a bridge which had no balustrades, advancing so near to the brink that another step would have plunged us both into the stream. With great nimbleness we got out behind, and his master, going to his head, led him on for a few yards, (his master appearing exceedingly pale,) when he was driven home without trouble. In

the evening, a riding-party was formed, and an adventurous DIANA VERNON volunteered to mount Mexico. He was brought to the door properly saddled; but some person who did not know how to assist a lady on horse-back by the foot, imprudently placed a chair at his side, which MEXICO at once kicked over, and began to wheel about in numerous gyrations. At last, the rider being firmly seated, pony put himself in those extravagant attitudes which are seen in battle-pictures, to the great alarm of some of the lookers-on. But a few vigorous lashes well applied caused him presently to fall into rank, and the whole party were observed to proceed prosperously until concealed by a bend in the road.

'After advancing a mile or two, pony insisted upon being a little in advance, and, as usual, would have his own way, until from the effect of checking and whipping he broke suddenly into an irresistible gallop. The rest, alarmed, urged on their horses to keep up, if possible, while SMYTHE gallantly tried to head him off. But the sound of clattering hoofs in the rear only put him on his mettle, and made him go the faster; seeing which, the others were compelled to check up, straining their eyes after DIANA, who was carried along with the speed of the wind. The utmost apprehension filled the minds of the whole party; and the cheeks, which were lately as red as the rose, became blanched like ashes. They imagined that they saw the rider just ready to fall, and riding on a fast canter, sometimes with exclamations of alarm, and again in a dead silence, followed for a mile farther the course of that shady lane. At last, a man, distinguishable by a white hat, was seen in advance of the VERNON, and great hopes were placed on the timely assistance, and not in vain. He perceived the predicament, planted himself firmly in the middle of the road, took off his white hat, and swaying it violently before the eyes of the approaching MEXICO, caused him to sheer off up a gentle acclivity, and brought him up all standing against the fence. In a moment more, the party arrived breathless. There was an exchange of saddles, and the gallant SMYTHE, striding his wicked beast, galled his mouth well, and basted his sides, again arriving at the goal in advance.

'It is said that a Mexican officer was shot from the back of the pony at Buena Vista, that famous battle-field, where five thousand volunteering Yankees took possession of the field occupied by twenty thousand of that degenerate race, now ruled over by the illustrious SANTA ANNA. Perhaps in that campaign he got a taste for tumbling people from his back. His sides had been formerly branded with a hot iron, which was the only blemish on his sleek skin. From the date of the present Adventure, he was abandoned by his fair patrons, driven in harness, and backed only by the rougher sex. Horsemanship is an accomplishment which, if fearless and skilful, is both delightful and safe. But rude and untamed beasts should never be ridden by ladies for the mere purpose of recreation, unless they happen to be Amazons, as their position on the saddle, however brave they may be, does not give them a full control. In cases of danger, the attendant cavalier can, for the most part, render no succor, although I have once or twice seen the requisite aid bestowed with an incomparable grace and efficiency. To dash up to a refractory steed, seize the bit and bridle, rearrange the girth, pass the arm

quietly about the waist of the falling maiden, and reassure both the horse and rider—this is the part of a most accomplished knight, who, by virtue of his tact, may be well deserving of his pleasant burden. But under proper auspices, no spectacle is more pleasing or exhilarating, nor free from alarm, than a spirited courser, who seems proud of the charge he bears; nor can any position more serve to set off the charms of a stately woman. For mark how every rustic drops his hoe; the plough stands still; the golden grain still takes a momentary lease, when, with *quadrupedante* tramp, just like a vision, bursts upon the sight the lovely cavalcade. With buoyant grace they float upon the air, serenely gay; eyes sparkling with delight; cheeks mantling with the rose, and every feature speaking with the zest of exercise. Sir WILLIAM JONES once, looking from his casement in the East, beheld a sight like this, and has recorded his impressions:

‘As swiftly sped she o’er the lawn,
Her tresses wooed the gale,
And not more lightly glanced the fawn
On Sidon’s palmy vale.’*

‘AUGUST 12.—Where now are all those delightful anticipations of the country, balmy breezes, spring-time, excursions, plenty of fresh air and fresh milk, flowery meadows, songs of birds, excursions up the river? Fulfilled and past. The heats have been excessive; all things droop and lag; a blue mist hangs over the mountains, indicative of drought; the mosquitoes sing all night; the day opens with a sickening heat and with the chaffering of locusts in the grove; the excessive vegetation begins to have a rank smell; elasticity departs; and the animal man feels bad. What creatures of circumstances we are! The utmost which you can do is to do nothing and to keep a serene temper. Turn the butcher from your door; live upon rice and sugar; shut the windows to keep out the flies and hot air; cultivate the grace of patience; lounge all day, and make your ablutions frequent; revise the classic authors, and try to con over some moral maxims, that the time may not be all lost. ‘A merciful man is merciful to his beast.’ When I see a poor horse lashed to the top of his speed, and overcome with his exertions, panting, and gasping, and covered with foam, I could wish that a transmigration of souls were possible, and that his cruel task-master, like the vixen in the Arabian tale, might be transformed into the ill-used beast, and lashed and goaded without stint for his cruelty. Not long ago, I met a negro going about the country with an old horse and cart, picking up the dried bones of horses to be ground in a mill and converted into manure. He had arranged the skulls in a row quite regularly along the edges of his wagon, and as I approached, saluted me with a very knowing look and cunning grin, as if expecting some recognition of his artistic ingenuity. ‘What is the name of your beast?’ said I. ‘LAZARUS,’ quoth he, with a smile; and, in fact, I thought the name not inappropriate, for there are many poor horses whose raw bones and sunken eyes remind you of the sepulchre. Some reflections occurred to me, more pathetic than those derived from the contemplation of

* Quoted from memory.

STERNE's dead ass. Those white bones were the frame-work and timbers of once useful and docile beasts. That long skull, with molars well worn, indicates a beast which has served his master well. For how many years had he drawn heavy burdens, and for a modicum of hay fulfilled his compact while he could! How many times had he been ready to fall under the ardent rays of the sun! How many lashes had he received in the course of his life! At last, when old and sick, he was denied shelter and turned out to die. He fell by the way-side, covered with sores; and at last the crickets lodged in the sockets of his eyes.

'AUGUST 13.—To-day has been a desperate day with me. The thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade! Irritated by the mosquitoes, smarting from head to foot, sweltering with the heat and gasping for breath, at twelve *ante-meridiem* I held a consultation in my own breast to know if any defensive policy could be adopted. It is a satisfaction, however small, to wreak your vengeance on paper, which is the most innocent exhibition of discontent. I intermitted my usual walk to the post-office, to begin with, and sacrificed the perusal of the morning's paper, thereby denying myself the fresh account of rail-road slaughter and poor laborers killed by the sun. Next, I ordered a handful of rice and a few tomatoes to be cooked for dinner, the same to be eaten at any hour when appetite should justify the attempt. I then carried a wash-tub into a vacant room, poured into it a few buckets of rain-water, and set a large piece of sponge a-floating on the same. I have a cellar, a deep cellar, a capacious cellar, which now, as always, proved a most valuable part of my house. Dug ten feet below the surface, with the light and air admitted through a few apertures, it is at once cool, dry, and salubrious—the very place for milk, butter, and cheeses, with which my neighbors keep me well supplied. Flies or mosquitoes do not find the air sufficiently genial for their natures; but rats, sly rats abound. I carried into the cellar three chairs and a cushion, and a small table, an ink-stand, pens, and a few sheets of paper, a small stick for the rats, and MACAULAY's History of England. Then I took a sponging, and, retreating to my cell, remained for three hours, alternately reading and writing, and at intervals coming up stairs to indulge in a fresh bath. The air of the place was most salutary; the hot breeze from above occasionally came in puffs through the slats, and once only I beheld a sly rat leering from beneath the roots of a cabbage, and with his bright eyes intent on a betty of oil. Attacked the rat, and then back to MACAULAY! Perhaps it may be a weakness to reveal these small, personal matters, but hot days like the above deserve to be commemorated; and I would wish to show that for every grievance we have an ample remedy in our power. If we are too lazy or listless to apply it, then we may take it out in sighing and complaining, knitting the brows, and inflicting our ill-humor on every body within reach. If I were about to erect a house, which, in my present state of prosperity, does not seem probable, let me tell you what I would do. I would sink a deep, capacious cellar, fill in the subterranean walls with some substance to exclude the damp, and build me rooms which should have the luxurious coolness of an under-ground palace. Then, when the raging heats prevailed, I should not be compelled to sigh for the cool

sea-shore or for the high mountain-top, but would be contented in my own house, and thus, retiring to the 'deep-delved earth,' save some valuable hours of study, and retrieve more from lassitude, vexation, and ill-humor.

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'August 14. — Again the heats have been unmitigated, and about noon the sultriness was so great that existence seemed a burden. There was not a cloud in the sky, and I gazed in vain to discover some symptoms of a coming shower. At two o'clock, retired to the cellar, and read MACAULAY. Compared with the insufferable heat which came down into the rooms through the blistered shingles, how equable was the climate! A sufficient light stole in upon the well-printed page, and with a cooled cranium I applied myself vigorously to the great historian. He concentrates so much allusion through the philosophy of his antithetic narrative as to tax the remembrance of those not read up in the sources of history, so that in a short time he becomes painfully brilliant even in a cellar. Went up stairs presently, and found the atmosphere dreadful, and indulged in a copious ablution. All faces were ill-humored, and the strength of animal bodies gradually oozed out at every pore; and I said to R —, 'Go upon the grass and tell if you observe any clouds on the horizon;' just as the wife of BLUEBEARD, when the emergency was pressing, exclaimed: 'O sister ANNIE, look out of the casement! Do you not see any thing?' And she replied: 'I see a cloud of dust rising in the distance.' And so might be descried a few dark specks, while the music of far-off thunder was heard at the same moment. At five o'clock, the clouds were evidently working around from the south-west, but the prospect was not favorable, and the heat of the sun continued intense. Yesterday, we had the same symptoms, but at evening the heavens were brass, and the very rays of the moon seemed to reflect a portion of the sun's heat. In another hour the heavens were darkened, and a refreshing breeze came up, and on the other side of the river the clouds were evidently discharging rain, for I could see it, just like long pencillings of the rays of the Aurora Borealis, sweeping around and gradually advancing over vast tracts which, at that very instant, were experiencing relief. Occasional gusts rified the trees of dead leaves; the cattle lowed and galloped through the clover-fields in search of shelter; and carriages dash along the road in great haste for their destination. In a very short time, there was a coalition of clouds from all quarters, and the mountains before us were entirely obscured from view. The drops descended; the play of lightning was incessant; a tremendous hurricane came down the mountains, prostrating every fragile thing in its path; hail-stones began to play plentifully against the panes; and in an instant all the collected moisture which had been sucked up from the sea's gulfs for so many days swept along in one sheet; it rolled over the stubble-fields in actual waves, and through the gullies like rivers. Presently the earth was sated, and the invigorated lungs swelled out with fresh air like a sponge. The birds, who had been mute, began to sing on the branches; the quail uttered his sweet, peculiar whistle; and the night advanced with reiterated showers. Where now were all the legions of mosquitoes ravenous for blood? Swept along by the invincible wind to parts unknown, those only excepted who have taken

shelter within-doors; and it will go hard with them. When a little bird, wearied out with the frequent librations of his wings, seeks refuge in your house, all trembling from the violence of the hurricane, you catch him, and coop him kindly in your hands, smooth down his ruffled feathers, calm his palpitating heart, and when the storm subsides, fling him back into his native air. But for those marauders who have wings without feathers, and carry poison in their bills, you adopt a different course. You grasp at them in their flight, mash them flat on their roosts, slap them down on the walls, urge them into cob-webs, and cheer on the little spider as he comes down the invisible rigging to his prey. Of all the many who ventured on your hospitality, you spare not a single one. But if you have a good microscope, you will take a scientific look at the little tormentors, and not be astonished that a poultice should sometimes be necessary to alleviate their fangs.

‘Aug. 15.—In the above, you have my peevish diary or journal for a week: and more intense suffering from the heat of the sun was perhaps never experienced in the same space by mortal man. Whole regiments of horses gave up the ghost in the midst of their labors, and a hundred people dropped down dead in a single day, in the neighboring city. The form of the Pestilence hovered near, like a foul bird watching the prey; like a dog or a jackal crouching beneath the wall; when suddenly the rains descended and the floods came, and the electric fluids resolved themselves into red-hot balls, darting flames, and passed away through the firmament, burning up the noxious gases, and cleansing it of impurities; and at last, the sun, veiled of his terror, came forth to cheer and to animate: a light-blue haze, like a precursor of Indian summer, overspread the mountains, and attempered its brilliancy; the breezes gushed forth, cool as if wafted from crystal reservoirs; while every living thing which lately gasped and panted, drew a long breath, and the whole realm, by a successful revolution of the elements, was changed at once from a burning desert to a bright and beautiful oasis.

‘Now the languid arms are nerved anew, and the monotonous song of the cicada is lost in the hum of industry, and the little lambs skip in the fields, and the pig no longer wallows in the mud, but walks erect, with clean and shining bristles, in all the dignity of his porcine nature. Now the sound of the hammer is again heard, and the workman toils on the scaffold, and the laborers return cheerily when the horn blows at noon. Now you can look on the limpid rolling stream without desiring to share with the fishes, or to be amphibious, like the alligator or the seal. It is enough to walk upon the clean marge, to pick up pebbles, to see the sails glide by, to listen to the plash of the waves, to mark the thin-legged snipe as they run before you on the beach, or the sea-gulls as they dart about in their sharp, angular wanderings on lithe wings, as they pause motionless, then drop like a stone into the river, to bring up the little fishes in their beaks. You are not perpetually dreaming of icy draughts, or, like the tired CÆSAR, crying, ‘Give me some drink, TRINUS.’ Those who knitted the brows and scowled, when the rays of the sun scourged them as with a lash, now partake of the bland weather as a matter of course, merely saying to the passer-by, with the

indifferent air of those not grateful for any benefit, 'Fine day — fine day.' These valleys between the mountains are like great halls; and when you are released, as it were, from a hot oven, the ventilation is refreshing beyond expression; and although I miss your damask cheeks, O roses, and you, sweet-breathed honeysuckles, from whose lips the humming-bird dartingly drinks, as you burst into the open windows, and twine about the porch; and though the sweeter and more delicate vegetables of the garden, such as those saccharine and much-prized peas, Prince ALBERT and Queen VICTORIA, have given place to corpulent roots, to be laid up for winter use, yet walk I with pleasure among the still verdant fields, and mark, without a murmur, the approach of the season which is heralded by the falling leaf.

'Hast thou ever read 'The Farmer's Boy,' composed by ROBERT BLOOMFIELD in a garret, without the aid of pen, ink, paper, or slate, while he in the meantime plied the awl and pulled the waxed thread? If not, procure a copy, (I have the first American reprint,) and after you have perused it faithfully, though you may not be arrested with dazzling beauties, it will leave after it a remembrance like the fragrance from a bed of daisies or violets. Although formally divided into the four seasons, it is by no means a repetition or an imitation of THOMSON, nor so minute in its particulars, but describing only the more ordinary incidents of a country-life. There had been few good pastorals in English, most compositions of this kind being formed too frigidly after classic models, smelling more of the oil-can than the milk-pail; a fact which gave good scope to the satiric pen which indited mock eclogues. These writers affected the clown with not more success than the latter would ape the gentleman; and although they treated of swains and rustic lovers, bleating lambs, hedges and stiles, and banks of violets, they lacked a true Doric innocence of expression, and the sincere spirit of the pastoral muse. MILTON mourned, indeed, with a touching lyric and tender pathos, the death of his 'loved LYCIDAS;' but for the rest, their artificial poems, however highly polished, and filled up with rustic imagery, recalled no truthful pictures of rural life. After THOMSON had written his charming work, came BLOOMFIELD; and there were scholars at the time who thought that the compositions of this untutored and unheralded bard were unequalled since the days of THEOCRITUS. It is remarkable for ease, sweetness, and simplicity, for the general purity and correctness of its style, and is a standing protest against the old motto, '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*' There are true pictures in this little poem, which remind one of GOLDSMITH's Village Schoolmaster. Look, for instance, at those passages which describe the character and pursuits of GILES:

'This task had GILES, in fields remote from home,
 Oft as he wished the rosy morn to come.
 Yet never famed was he, nor foremost found
 To break the seal of sleep: his sleep was sound.
 But when at day-break summoned from his bed,
 Light as the lark that carolled o'er his head,
 His sandy way, deep worn by hasty showers,
 O'er-arched with oaks that formed fantastic bowers,
 Waving aloft their towering branches proud
 In borrowed tinges from the eastern cloud,
 His own shrill matin joined the various notes
 Of Nature's music from a thousand throats;

The black-bird strove, with emulation sweet,
 And Echo answered from her close retreat;
 The sporting white-throat, on some twig's end borne,
 Poured hymns to freedom and the rising morn;
 Stopped in her song, perchance the starting thrush
 Shook a white shower from the black-thorn bush,
 Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
 And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.
 Across his path, in either grove to hide,
 The timid rabbit scouted by his side;
 Or bold cock-pheasant stalked along the road,
 Whose gold and purple tints alternate glowed.'

'Is not that genuine, and true to nature? But GILES is a man of all work:

'His simple errand done, he homeward hies;
 Another instantly his place supplies.
 The clattering dairy-maid, immersed in steam,
 Singing and scrubbing 'midst her milk and cream,
 Bawls out, '*Go fetch the cows!*' He hears no more;
 For pigs, and ducks, and turkeys throng the door,
 And sitting hens, for constant war prepared;
 A concert strange to that which late he heard.

Forth comes the maid, and like the morning smiles —
 The mistress, too, and followed close by GILES.
 A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
With pails bright scoured, and delicately sweet.
 Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray,
 Begins their work, begins the simple lay;
 The full-charged udder yields its willing streams,
 While MARY sings some lover's amorous dreams,
 And crouching GILES, beneath a neighboring tree,
 Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee;
 Whose hat, with tattered brim, of nap so bare,
 From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair —
 A mottled ensign of his harmless trade —
 An unambitious, peaceable cockade.

Brisk goes the work beneath each busy hand,
 And GILES must trudge, whoever gives command;
 A Gibeonite that serves them all by turns,
 He drains the pump, from him the fagot burns;
 From him the noisy hogs demand their food,
 While at his heels runs many a chirping brood,
 Or down his path in expectation stand,
 With equal strains upon his strewing hand.
 Thus wastes the morn, till each with pleasure sees
 The bustle o'er, and pressed the new-made cheese.'

'Now mark this picture of lambs at play:

'Now, challenged forth, see hither, one by one,
 From every side assembling play-mates run!
 A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
 A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
 Like the fond dove, from fearful prison freed,
 Each seems to say, 'Come, let us try our speed!'

Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
 The green turf trembling as they bound along;
 Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
 Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme;
 There, panting, stop; yet scarcely can refrain —
 A bird, a leaf, will set them off again;
 Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow,
 Their little limbs increasing efforts try;
 Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.'

'Here is one more, which will suffice:

'HE comes, the pest and terror of the yard,
 His full-fledged progeny's imperious guard,
 The *gander*: spiteful, insolent, and bold,
 At the colt's footlock takes his daring hold;
 There, serpent-like, escapes a dreadful blow,
 And straight attacks a poor, defenceless cow;
 Each booby goose the unworthy strife enjoys,
 And hails his prowess with redoubled noise.
 Then back he stalks, of self-importance full,
 Seizes the shaggy fore-top of the bull,
 Till, whirled aloft, he falls, a timely check,
 Enough to dislocate his worthless neck;
 For lo! of old he boasts an honored wound:
 Behold that broken wing, that trails the ground!'

'For myself, I admire THOMSON much, and BLOOMFIELD more, although it would be no enviable praise to stand next on the shelf to that most exquisite descriptive poet. The first is more exhaustive of topics, but the second has produced a work not less rounded and complete. The one is more read, but the other is not less remembered. For the one depicts like a true artist, and simply too; the other artlessly, but with the same truth. They are like shepherds playing alternate flutes on a green bank, among the flocks and kine, and the air or melody; but in the attitude of COLIN we listen beside the hedge, and when the tune is done, exclaim, 'What a beautiful *second*!' BLOOMFIELD's poem does not seem to be written under a sky-light (as it was) in the city, but beneath the open sky itself; for it smacks of the soft, sweet, soothing influences of nature, whence its inspiration was derived; and although its merit, like its author, is modest, it will live and be admired among loftier works, so long as the daisy is not put to shame by the damask-rose. It is one of the most difficult among literary feats to write a good pastoral. In the last century, when passable poetry was not such a drug as it is at present, and the bard, as in Homer's days, was considered sacred, it was customary to regard a rhyming plough-boy, or a poetic dairy-maid, as a real curiosity, and to bring them out for exhibition into the drawing-rooms of people of quality, where the poor creatures were smitten with amazement, and struck dumb, and afterward rendered good for nothing, when their rhyming faculty turned out to be a mere ordinary gift. There were, however, two *Robins*, whose sweet and wholesome notes have justified the praise of those who love nature, and confirmed their reputation as genuine birds of song — ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, and a greater still, ROBERT BURNS.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — '*The White Wing*,' modestly labelled 'a Scrap for 'Old Knick,' is welcome. Its paternity will seem no secret to those who have admired with us the gems from the same hand which have heretofore sparkled in these pages:

'PRECIOUS little sun-light finds its way into the apartment where I write, and precious that little is. It falls on a blank wall opposite; sometimes gilds the top of a dusty tree on the corner, and comes to us second-hand, 'a little the worse for wear,' as they say, but then welcome, very welcome, tarnished and tired as it is. Tired? To be sure. They talk of sun-beams playing and dancing; and so they may, and so they do, round sparkling fountains, and over great, green billows of foliage, but they do nothing of the sort in such places as this. Very sedate and well-behaved sun-beams are they indeed about here!

'Well, yesterday I was writing; the shadows that room with me lay here and there; two or three rolled up in the corner; one stood behind the door close to the wall; another ill-mannered fellow extended itself on the table, and flung its unrustling skirt over the very sheet whereon I was writing. There are worse room-mates than shadows, after all. True, they leave their clothes lying about any where and every where, but then they never wear boots, never make a noise, and are not given to gossiping.

'As I intimated, a few lines ago, I was writing, when, all at once, a bright gleam flashed across the paper, and was gone. A rare visitor it was, and it's no wonder we wondered how it got here. I looked up: blank wall; dusty tree; nothing more. Resuming the pen, again it came. Pure and beautiful enough to have come right from heaven, it seemed. Was it a mirror swinging in the wanton wind some where that flung that ray? Or a radiant face, such as one sees once or twice in a life-time — not more — in the middle of a morning-dream, that one always thinks of when he sees young and beautiful faces, and looks for, but never sees again — never?

'It was a pleasant thing to muse on; so I laid down the pen, and remembered — that's just the word — *remembered*. One shape melted into another, for Memory was playing 'i' the plighted clouds.'

'Another gleam upon the paper, and at the instant a WHITE WING glanced across the window, on its way down to the street. I looked out, and there, sure enough, amid the shuffling feet and clattering wheels, was a white dove.

'Her errand was a beautiful one, no doubt; seeking, perhaps, the wherewith to husk the 'three grains of corn, Mother,' her little family were plaintively singing, some where aloft. Pretty soon, up she came again, out of the dust and din, flinging another ray from that white wing as she went.

'Was n't it a beautiful emblem of a beautiful life? flinging gladness into sad hearts: glittering upon many a trinket of Memory and Yesterday; beads of beauty, shed from a shivered neck-lace, rolled darkly away in the dust, that no hand may thread again, but His 'who doeth all things well.'

'The world is *full* of wings; every one broad enough to *bear* a sun-beam, and strong enough to *fling* it into some dim window, some gloomy room, some dark heart, strewn with old hopes, and damp with new tears.

'Bliss and blessing, life and light, are all winged. No matter for that: they shall be folded by and by, where there are no sun-beams to be carried, and there is no night at all.'

It strikes us that there is a slight 'hit' in the following from the '*Evening Post*' daily journal: 'A Montreal paper, weary, apparently, of the constant laudations heaped upon American ingenuity and enterprise, especially on the beauty and fleetness of our packet-ships, has undertaken to show that we are entitled to no particular credit for our mechanical achievements. Indeed,

it begins its argument much farther back, and alleges that, although American vessels-of-war, during the conflict of 1812 with Great Britain, managed to get the superiority of their opponents, the victory was due, not to American valor or science, but to the number of discarded British seamen who were employed in our navy. The passage is somewhat curious, and runs thus:

'It is too well known that the majority of the 'hands' in their navy were composed of blackguards, who were unfit to be admitted into the British navy, and a very large proportion had actually been dismissed from the royal service. These men received high wages, and every other inducement generally offered to rogues, to enter into the American service; and actuated by a spirit of revenge, JOHN BULL fought against JOHN BULL, and the fiend, in some instances, came off victorious. America could not boast of the acts of *her own sons* at sea, during these murderous times; neither can America boast of her sons in time of peace, in these days of modern refinement and proficiency in the arts and sciences.'

'Now, we will not dispute the truth of this representation, slanderous as we know it to be, but shall merely observe of it, that it reflects no credit upon the regular forces of the British navy, that they should have been so often and so signally discomfited by a rabble and riff-raff of run-away sailors. If the boasted prowess and naval skill of the British commanders did not enable them to stand against the mere undisciplined revenge of mercenaries, what could they do now against the matured experience and science of our naval marine?' This reminds us of an anecdote which amused us very much when we read it, and which we think worthy to be repeated 'in this connection.' One bright summer-day, an Englishman was disporting himself in his pleasure-yacht, some fifteen or twenty miles from a populous Italian port on the Mediterranean; now sailing before the wind, now tackling and beating up, and altogether curvetting and caracoling with his craft, as if it had been a favorite charger. All at once, he became aware of a curious, odd-looking sail, not quite so large as his own, about half a mile away, which was bearing down upon him: at length, he thought he saw that the ugly, clumsy craft was disposed to have a trial of speed with him: so up went every rag that the yacht could carry, and away they flew; but the 'ugly customer' had the best of it, by some mile and a half, into port; and had furled his sails, and made all fast, and was about to 'go down to his grub,' when a message came from the owner of the yacht, desiring to see the captain of the little schooner that had so gallantly contested the palm of victory with him. The 'skipper' went; having arrived in 'the presence,' the 'commander' said: 'Well, Sir, you have achieved a great triumph: you have out-sailed the——yacht, of the royal squadron; and, Sir, your triumph is the greater, that she has never *lost* in a contest before.' 'Do tell!' said JONATHAN: 'well, that's curious; that's a good deal like my schöner JERUSHA; she never *beat* afore: she a'n't a *fast* craft, but she's peöwöful *strong*!' This deprecation of conceded praise finished the 'compliment,' and the gallant Yankee 'skipper' was 'bowed out.' - - - A PRE-EMINENTLY appreciable pleasure it is, to find a new and carefully-prepared edition of a favorite writer; a favorite in parts only, it may be, as in the case before us: '*The Complete Works of John Milton,*' with a 'Life of the Author.' The editor, CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND, gives us, in addition, a well-digested preliminary dissertation on each poem; notes critical and explanatory; an index to the subjects of '*Paradise Lost,*' and a verbal index to all the poems. As of Mr-

TON nothing can be said—although we *do* wish that he might know what 'we' think of him!—we desire the more to do justice to his American editor. There is much more manifest in his labors than a 'labor of love' on his *own* behalf. His index to the subjects of 'Paradise Lost,' and his verbal index to all the poems, constitute the most admirable features of his editorship; and they indicate a knowledge so intimate, that it does honor no less to his methodical hand than to his loving enthusiasm. Few can appreciate, until they have fully tested, the value of his labors in this regard. Sitting with a transient guest, the other morning, before taking the early steamer for town, watching the September mists lying broad-cast upon the Tappaân-Zee, here rising, there closing, and afar off mixing confusedly 'without form and void,' a passage of MILTON's came vaguely to mind; but all attempts to recall it were in vain. We recollected but one catch-word—'*exhalations*.' Happily, we remembered Mr. CLEVELAND's 'Verbal Index.' 'Exhalations!' Here it is; here is the key; and here the passage:

'YE mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great AUTHOR rise:
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise!'

A fine passage, and most appropriate to the scene before us, one of the most beautiful we ever beheld. - - - 'I WENT over with a friend the other day, to Hoboken,' writes a metropolitan correspondent, 'being long accustomed to take the KNICKERBOCKER's advice in such matters, to partake of a simple dinner in the French style, *al fresco*, under the trees, at the '*Lamartine Cottage*.' The payment of a shilling secured me a ride in a convenient carriage (and in ten minutes) to the spot. The day was warm, and the road dusty; and, I must add, the little brown cottage itself was, at first sight, by no means attractive; but when I saw the big cherry-trees, with their protecting arms, and the little green tables beneath, I blessed my stars and took courage. I introduced myself, through your public 'letter,' to your kind and obliging Mr. GEORGEOT, ordered a bowl of JULLIEN soup, a roast chicken, a bottle of CAUSIDIÈRE champagne—the most delicious of its kind I ever tasted—and a melon; and—*we dined*. You were *right*, Mr. EDITOR, entirely: cool shade, clean linen table-cloths and napkins, irreproachable cookery, and courteous service, may, I think, be predicated of the '*Lamartine Cottage*.' I saw, moreover, and conversed with the veteran CARIAT; and as I heard him speak with enthusiasm of the 'GREAT CAPTAIN' under whom he once served so long, I could not help recalling that '*something*' in his face and manner, of which LOCKHART speaks in some recent lines of his upon NAPOLEON:

'SOMETHING that spoke of other days,
When trumpets pierced the kindling air,
And the keen eye could firmly gaze
Through Battle's crimson glare:

'I said: 'Perchance this faded hand,
When life beat high, and hope was young,
By Lodi's wave, or Syria's sand,
The bolt of death had flung.'

'For he was with him, young and old;
He climbed with him the Alpine snow;
He heard the cannon when they rolled
Along the river Po!'

'Curiously enough, while I was thinking of all this, 'Bang! bang! boom! boom!' came, in a prolonged roar, from the West-Hoboken Heights; a dark cloud of smoke curtained the brow of the long-extended eminence, and I saw the rocks falling down the sides of the steep declivity. That *is* 'bat-tel!' I said to myself, or at least something very like it, so far as appearance goes.' The illusion was perfect. - - - WE cannot promise EZEKIAL GASKILL, who writes '*Lines to the Adams Family*,' the 'space in our collumes' which he desires hereafter; but he shall be briefly heard, through his present effusion, in a passage which affords a fair sample of his style:

'PERHAPS my kindred do not know
Alas, what I now undergo;
Thrown from a carriage and wounded sore,
The like I never met before;
Your sister now would joy to meet her friends in happiness complete.

'Joined hand in hand we now will go
Over to our sisters, whether or no;
How sweet our visit will be there,
No tongue can tell our comforts there.

'See how much comfort we take now, but
Youthful days will soon be past,
Let us spend our time so we shall not
Vainly wish ourselves back at last.
Adieu, adieu! I go away in hope to see you another day!'

We can 'speak to our cotrumperarys, GODAY, and PUTMAN, and ARPERS,' but we 'mainly doubt;' there is so *much* poetry 'going' now-a-days, that we fear they are already supplied. - - - BELOW ensues the subsection of 'Gossipry,' touching the 'little people,' which was omitted from our last, with some additions, since received. Every part of the country, east, west, north, and south, is here represented; and it is a most pleasant thought, that 'little children are every where,' to make glad the hearts of parents, and to delight *all* who love innocence, simplicity, and truth:

'In your June number, I read with pleasure 'little KIRTY's' remarks upon home and prayer. The phases of childhood's thought and feeling are as varied as the forms and tints of their lowlier kin-folk, the flowers.

'The other day, little KIRTY, who with the roses opened to the sunshine of her fifth summer, overheard her mother and brother speaking of some place that had attracted the boy's attention. His mother had said he would learn all about it when he went to school, and studied geography. Little KIRTY was presently very busily engaged in dressing and undressing her doll, which occupation, in its oft-repeated arrangements, disarrangements, and reârrangements, appeared to absorb her entire attention. The next day, KIRTY, being alone with her mother, suddenly looked up from her doll-tending with the serious question, 'Moder, what do dey study in school besides jography?' 'Grammar,' said her mother; when she was interrupted by the child exclaiming, in a tone of surprise, 'Do dey? — study gran'ma! and do dey study gran'pa too?'

'One day last week, little KIRTY, upon whom the heats of this hottest of Augusts have told in languor and debility, came into the verandah, where her mother was sitting, and leaning against her knee, said, with a sigh: 'Mamma, I wish you would happytize me.' 'How happytize you, my pet?' 'Oh, so that I won't worry so.' A petting

on mamma's lap, and a ride in the carriage, got up by papa, who at that moment came in, happytized little KITTY so effectually, that the lawn rang with the joyous sounds of her laugh and prattle.

'The words of children's coinage are very expressive. The subject of their language reminds me of a peculiarity of expression which you may have noticed. It is their taking the first syllable of a word, and repeating it to complete the word. Thus, little KITTY used to call herself 'KE-KE;' sugar was 'su-su;' potato was 'to-to.' Even when the word is of one syllable only, it is repeated; as in tea, which she calls 'TE-TE.' We all know how naturally come the endearing names of papa, mamma, from their budding lips.

'This repetition of syllables and single sounds seems to be the natural expression of the imperfect language, as in the savage, whose untrained condition, like that of children, approaches a state of nature nearer than does our own cultivated adulthood. In the Indian names of our rivers, etc., we observe the words, though often long, contain the same syllable or sound repeated.

'But I am straying away from the domain of childhood's gossip into less flowery fields; straying farther than, as you perceive by my paper, I expected to go. I will turn back and rest me on the stile, watching little KITTY and her brother gambol with PINCHER, who even now darts away from under the big elm, to give chase to a burrowing mole, the little sub-soil ploughman of my garden.'

'CHARLIE B——, a little boy about five years old, whose parents were going on a journey, was told by his mother to 'be a good boy,' and pray for his father, his mother, and his little brother FREDDY. Seeing him hesitate, she said, 'Won't you, CHARLIE?' 'Y-e-s, m-a-'a-m,' was the low reply, 'but I don't believe 'it will pay' to pray for FRED, he's so little!' He had heard his father use that phrase, and had remembered it 'but too well.'

'A LITTLE fair-haired boy was standing one day by his mother's side, when a poor woman, in whom she had taken a great interest, came in. A blue-eyed little girl-baby lay in her arms, and WILLIE stood on tip-toe to touch its soft cheek. 'Oh, I wish God would give *me* a little baby!' murmured he, so earnestly that the woman promised to bring little ELSIE very often to see him. 'And may I have her for *my own*?' was the eager inquiry. 'I'm poor,' said the woman, 'and have nothing but baby ELSIE, so I can't afford to give her away; but I'll sell her to you, and then she may be your own.'

With this promise, the boy seemed satisfied. Thenceforth, every penny he could obtain was put into a box, until he had half a dollar, all in pennies. These he produced on the reappear-ance of the woman, and was assured it was enough, and that ELSIE was his own; only her mother must take care of her until she was a large girl.

'After that, WILLIE's plans were all for ELSIE: she should have a piano; she was his 'little ELSIE;' and day after day she was brought to the house for his amusement. WILLIE always talked of her, and, in imagination, *with* her, when he was alone at his plays.

'One day ELSIE died. The curtains closed for ever over the blue eyes whose beauty had won the heart even of that baby-boy; and his mother must break the sad news to him. So she took him on her knee, and folding her arms around him, asked whom he loved best of all around him. 'I love my baby best.' 'Well, if God loved your baby just as much as you do, and wanted her in heaven, would you be willing to let Him have her?' 'No, I want to keep my baby: God has got enough babies up in heaven, and he don't want any more: I want to keep ELSIE for *me*.' Then the mother, kissing her little boy, told him that the good God had taken ELSIE home to be with him for ever.

'WILLIE slid from his mother's lap, and all day long he mourned silently for 'baby.' He neither ate nor played, but sat upon his little chair, or leaned his head sadly on his mother's knee. At evening, she missed him; and entering her private room, found him kneeling on the floor, with head uplifted, and one dimpled arm high-stretched. 'Do n't talk,' said he, as she approached; 'I'm praying God to make my arm long enough to reach up to heaven, and get my little ELSIE down!'

'Sweet boy! 'his hands were steady until the going down of the sun,' but he pre-
vailed not.'

'A LITTLE thoughtful friend of mine, about two and a half years old, was listening the other day to her mamma, as she told her of the death of a little boy-playmate. 'FRANKY has gone to heaven now,' said she, 'and he is with the good JESUS, and he sings all the time, and has a little crown given him, and a golden harp.' MAGGIE's lip pouted, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, while she sighed out: 'Oh dear; FRANKY's got one, and GEORGIE's got one: I'm afraid there won't be any left for me!''

'LITTLE CHARLIE has been taught by a pious mother the necessity of nightly prayer, but his little heart has taught him an improvement on the original plan. CHARLIE was tumbling into bed one night as soon as his tunic and pantalettes were exchanged for his small white night-dress. 'My little boy must kneel by me, and thank his heavenly FATHER for His care of him,' said his mother, as she took his hand. 'Oh no,' says CHARLIE, looking joyously into her face, 'I s'a'n't have to say any prayers for eight days: I said 'em over eight times before I went to bed last night.'

'Now you've broken Sunday!' said a young lady one day to a sweet little girl. 'Oh, I'm so glad!' said the child, clapping her hands: 'Sunday's broke! now Sunday's broke! It is n't Sunday any more!' She had dreams of that perpetual holiday which she will never find until she reaches a country where Sabbaths never end.'

'I HAVE noticed, in several late numbers of your esteemed Magazine, (and have been delighted with them,) anecdotes of children, furnished to you by correspondents from various parts of the country. I have a little niece, two and a half years of age, a sweet and interesting little creature, who, I think, deserves a place among the interesting little folks, and of whom, with your kind permission, I will relate one or two 'incidents.'

'Little FANNIE is a great lover of nature, and is never so much delighted as when among the flowers, which are so common in our southern sunny land, or gazing at night on the moon or stars. A short time since, she was looking at the full-moon while in her father's arms, and was told that God was in the moon. A few days after, she was passing a church with her mother, when her curiosity was excited, and she asked whose house that was. 'That's God's house, my darling,' said her mother. 'And does God come out of the moon to stay in it, mamma?' she asked.

'On another occasion, her mother took her to church. It was her first visit, and she was told that, as they were going to God's house, she must be very quiet. She sat still for a long time, but seemed constantly expecting some one. At length she said, in a low voice, 'Mamma, where is God? I do n't see him.'

'Your child's gossip is very entertaining, and there is no part of the 'TABLE' to which our home-circle turns more eagerly than to the sayings of your very 'little people.' One reason may be, that we have a tiny household-pet, about four years old, whose quaint utterances and strange combinations make to us a very amusing medley. Out of a score or more of the like kind which suggest themselves at the moment, here are some half dozen 'specimens:'

'She had been watching the process of sweeping the parlor-floor, the result of which was the collecting of a small pile of dust at the edge of the carpet; whereupon the following dialogue ensued:

'Miss JANE, that's what our *souls* are made of.'

'No, dear, not our souls, our bodies.'

'Oh yes; I forgot. 'T is our bodies, shou-a-nuff.'

'Her sister had gone into town to bring out some of her friends to spend the day in the country. She had been dressed for their reception, and after waiting some time very impatiently for the return of the carriage, was observed searching carefully for something:

'What are you looking for, EVA?'

'I'm looking for brother JOHN's measuring-tape, to measure *how long* it will be before the company comes.'

'Walking out with her one day, gathering flowers, I noticed a bay-tree with its large white blossoms on the bank of the stream. I pointed them out to her, and endeavored to make her see them. After an ineffectual attempt, she took my hand, and, proceeding in the direction indicated, said:

'Let's go closer, Pa; I can't see them. *Your face is bigger than mine.*'

'She had been a good deal wayward through the day; in truth, behaving, as we say, 'very bad.' In the evening, however, the storm cleared off, and the sky became bright and serene. Coming to me in quite an amiable mood, I accosted her with:

'Well, daughter, is your 'badness' all over for the day?'

'Pa, I an't 'badness all ober—just a little bit.'

'A precious truth, which parents ought more frequently to remember, when reproving or 'correcting' their children.

'I had wound up my watch and laid it on the table, remarking, 'This watch goes too fast,' not supposing that she had noticed what I said or did. After a considerable interval, and when she had been out and in several times, she picked it up and brought it to me, holding it in one hand to her ear, and the *key* in the other.

'Please, Pa, *lock* it up again; it's *running away* mighty fast.'

'Here *key*, from its more common application, was evidently the suggestive word to the train of thought; though from its misleading association it had made her confound a chronometer with a lock-up house; as, in the case of the measuring-tape, she had mixed up the ideas of space and time. By-the-bye, this same matter of time and space has gravelled profounder metaphysicians than she claims to be.

'She had been taught that Sunday was holy time, and that the employments and amusements of the week were not to be indulged in on that day. On a Sabbath evening, she had been listening to some reading by one of the family, adapted to a child's capacity, and bearing on the subject. After the lesson was over, and seemingly anxious to know how far the interdict extended, she put this question:

'Tizzy, [an early attempt at cousin, which was continued after the necessity had ceased,] Tizzy, do you think *God would care* if I was to take a little walk?'

'I 'took tea' at a friend's yesterday. His dwelling is blessed with a remarkably bright little daughter, of very tender years. She, of course, was at the table. A seed-cake was handed to her by her mother—one plentifully besprinkled with caraway. She first held it between her thumb and finger, and wonderingly inspected the varied surface of the cake. She next passed her finger over the top of it. Presently she began to pick out the seeds, one by one, and deposit them on her plate. This she labored at for nearly ten minutes, saying never a word, until quite a quantity of seeds had been extracted, and there was still work before her. Her patience gave out at last, and looking anxiously at her mother, at the same time exhibiting the cake with its unextracted seeds, she cried out: 'Mother, see; there keeps beessin' dirt in my cake!'

'Perhaps you may think this not worth printing: but you ought to have heard the little girl *say* it.'

'The ensuing scene was enacted in my own school-room at Sing-Sing a few days ago. It occasioned *me* some merriment; perhaps it may bring a smile to the faces of others among your 'constant readers:'

MASTER: 'DAVID, spell perdition.'

PUPIL: 'Per-di-tion, perdition.'

MASTER: 'Define it.'

PUPIL: 'Can't, Sir.'

MASTER: 'We allow no such thing as 'can't' here, you know. The word is very simple, and in common use. Don't you know what going to perdition means?'

PUPIL, (*timidly and inquiringly*): 'Going to law?'

MASTER: 'I suppose that's the case in some instances; but the lawyers would hardly accept the definition. The *next*: define perdition.'

'A FRIEND of ours has a little boy of great activity, aged three years. He proposed to take him into the country recently, and a day was fixed for his departure. The

youngster was greatly delighted with his prospect, and earnestly longed for the day to come. It came, but brought a severe August rain with it. The disappointment was keen, and grew more bitter constantly as the weary hours of two dismally rainy days went by. The little fellow could stand it no longer. He first cried; still the rain poured down. Then he changed his tactics, and tried the efficacy of prayer, for his mother saw him at the door, looking steadily into the heavens amid the copious shower, and overheard him saying:

'Don! Don!! don't let any more come down; 'queese it up dry; 'queese it up dry with a towel; don't let any more come down!'

'This is not an *anecdote*: it is a *fact*. The best of it was, that the prayer was immediately answered. The rain held up; it was 'queesed up dry;' and the little boy's happiness was complete.'

WE cannot better close the present sub-section of 'Children's Gossip' than with the following beautiful lines, by a fair correspondent who can never come before our readers too frequently to be cordially welcome:

LITTLE CHILDREN.

'Weep not for them! it is no cause for sorrow,
That theirs was no long pathway to the tomb;
They had one bright to-day; no sad to-morrow
Rising in hope, and darkening into gloom.'

'Weep not for them! their snowy plumes, expanded,
E'en now are waving through the worlds of light;
Perchance, on messages of love remanded,
They sweep across your slumbers in the night.

'Weep not for them! Give tears unto the living!
Oh, waste no vain regret on lot like theirs!
But rather make it reason for thanksgiving
That ye have nurtured angels unawares.'

A. R.

A WELCOME correspondent writes us from a town in Roanoke county, Virginia: 'I have just finished reading the delightful letter of your 'Up-River' Correspondent. I am truly sorry to hear of the death of SHANGHAI, as I had become very much interested in his history. But he has gone the way of all flesh, and 'peace to his ashes!' I have more faith, however, in the stock than your friend. I was induced, from reading his flattering account of the stock, to purchase two hens and a rooster, and they commenced laying in February last. Since that time I have raised *eighty chickens*, and lost but one, and have sold four dozen eggs. The hens are more motherly than the common fowl, set much better, and are more careful in raising their young. I am now perfectly satisfied that they are easier raised than the common fowl, and more useful to the farmer. I raised all the chickens in the garden, and they kept it well cleansed of all bugs, and did not injure any of the vegetables. The stock I have is the best that has been imported. I purchased them of an old sea-captain who had been to China. I wish now to purchase a pair of the Cochín-China fowls, and compare them, and would like to get them from the same gentleman from whom your correspondent procured his. I would write to him, but do not know his name or address. You will please be kind enough to give me his name and address, or write to him for me, and ask him what he would charge for a pair two or three months old?' R. S. V. P., 'F. W. S.,' and enable us to 'fill the order' of our Virginia friend. Apropos of this: the importers of the Chinese birds should present a service of plate to our contributor. It is 'on record' that he has

increased their sale one half. People are hatching Shanghais from egg-plants; one Shanghai 'down-cast,' after setting for five weeks on two round stones and a brick-bat, hatched a small brick-yard; and another, in the near vicinity, brought forth fourteen chickens from thirteen eggs, fifteen of which she succeeded in raising; and a third hatched a bushel of clams out of three clam-shells. Every day the Shanghai stock is rising. It is better at this moment than half 'the fancies' in Wall-street. - - - We had a pleasant trip, with a most pleasant party, the other morning, to Rockland Lake, whose green, limpid waters fill the deep crater of an extinct volcano. The weather was cool; a gentle breeze was rolling the 'round white clouds through depths of blue;' and the lordly Hudson, far and near, never looked more noble or more beautiful. Our pic-nic baskets were bountifully furnished with all that was delicious in edibles and potables; the view, as we ascended the up-land, was both lovely and sublime; and when we reached 'the spot' on the western bank of the lake, spread our table-cloth, and 'laid the feast,' there was such comfort among the ladies and gentlemen of the party as 'you could not find else where.' How we rowed upon the pellucid waters; how the ladies caught fish; how we swung our kettles, and built our fires; how 'Old KNICK' milked a vagrant cow, and when the rich milk was strained and cooled, how a milk punch was made for 'the fair' portion of our company; how all this was done and accomplished, they will well remember who *saw* it; and as to those who *didn't*, perhaps it's none of their business. But we ought to have thought of this before! - - - THE *Literary World*, we observe, in one of its later numbers, has been at some pains to trace out the paternity of the phrase 'old man eloquent.' It is from a sonnet of MILTON's to Lady MARGARET LEY. But really, 'the game is not worth the candle.' The term 'eloquent old man' is just as good, just as poetical, and neither stiltish nor affected. 'We may be wrong, but that is our *opinion*.' - - - We can but record at this time the recent lamented death of Colonel W. W. S. BLISS, son-in-law of the late General TAYLOR, President of the United States. We knew him well, and had jotted down from immediate recollection, after a prolonged evening-visit of his at the sanctum, soon after the first Mexican contests, many very interesting facts and incidents connected with the battles of Palo-Alta and Buena-Vista; all of which Colonel BLISS saw, 'and part of which he was.' Colonel BLISS was a modest, warm-hearted, genial man. His acknowledged qualities as a soldier were only equalled by his ingenuous, frank, and noble character as a man. His memory will not soon perish from among his countrymen. - - - 'I think,' writes a western friend, 'you once knew my brother C —, who died recently in Mississippi. Now that he is 'gone to see his mother,' as I hope and trust, I send you a letter which he wrote to me, on the death of our mother. To me it was a volume; and certainly is a specimen of brevity rarely equalled.' The following is the letter alluded to:

'H —, October 28, 1840.

'DEAR BROTHER:

'Our mother is in heaven.

'C — T. B —.'

THERE is something *very* 'Dutch' in the following, which we derive from a friend whom no good or burlesque thing escapes: 'HANS,' said an old Dutch-

man to his son, 'get der *snuyers* (snuffers) and *snuy* der can-del: how der tuyvel can a man see to dell a s'dory in der dark?' - - Among the prime attractions at the Crystal Palace, we *hope* may hereafter be found a piano from the establishment of Mr. JAMES THOMPSON, whose ware-rooms are at Number 358, Broadway. In its exterior it is elaborately and preëminently rich and elegant; while in power, softness, and variety of tone, we never heard its equal. A musical friend, who listened to it in our hearing observed, with enthusiasm, "Upon my word, it seems to be in itself a full orchestra!" - - WE should be 'more or less than man' to be insensible to the compliment paid us in a western journal, by a correspondent who writes, from

'WHERE rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashing:'

as thus: 'I had the honor of introducing a new 'specimen' to the country, in the shape of the 'Old KNICK.'-ERBOCKER Magazine, a copy of which, sent by some friend, had preceded me, and which, as 'a treasure shrined and cherished,' I brought all the way over the pack-trail. The editor thereof may thank me for making him in 'strange lands not a stranger,' and his 'Gossip' in this far land a gladdener of many a lonely hearth. Let him take note of it; for I believe that number to be

— 'THE first
That ever burst
Over *this* silent sea.'

'This and two or more numbers, since arrived, are the principal attractions of our cabin, and together with an old sun-bonnet, (which one of the boys fished up some where as a prize, and hung up in a conspicuous place,) constitute the 'Lares' of our home.' - - Mr. C. MATHEWS, of the New-York 'Literary World' weekly journal, has recently unrolled a 'Panorama of New-York,' embodying many metropolitan sketches which he has from time to time contributed to that sheet. They embody his best characteristics, and are *vraisemblable* to an unusual degree. The picture of the departed little newspaper-librarian at the Society Library, is literally a daguerreotype. - - WE are not much of a lawyer; but we think we see the point of the following passage in an amusing letter from a western friend: 'A man 'hereabouts,' having obtained a note-of-hand of his preceptor, against whom he had some animosity, handed it to a newly-fledged lawyer to bring suit upon, for no other purpose than annoyance. The defendant, who was just leaving town when the copy of the writ was served upon him, handed it to 'Bob —,' and told him to file a plea for delay. Bob had drawn up the plea of general issue, when it occurred to him that the plaintiff, from his noisy, boastful character, passed under the *sobriquet* of 'The Talking Warrior,' and that his attorney was rather green. Auguring from these premises a prospect of fun, he appended the following: 'And for a further plea in this behalf,' etc., 'the said defendant says that the said plaintiff ought not to have,' etc., etc., (see CHURRY,) 'because he is king or chief of a savage tribe or nation known as 'The Talking Warriors,' out of the jurisdiction of this court, beyond the limits of the United States, and now at open war with the same; wherefore,' etc., etc. The plaintiff's attorney, on perusing the plea,

saw that it was meant for a 'bite,' but fearing to show it to any more experienced lawyer, lest a laugh should be raised against him, took advice from himself, and *demurred* to it! When the case came on for hearing, the judge pronounced it to be a perfectly good plea of 'alien enemy,' and as the plaintiff's attorney had not joined issue on it, the demurrer was overruled, the plea sustained, and a non-suit entered! - - - We have received, from time to time, within the last few months, several numbers of a various and well-edited daily journal, published at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania — '*The Dispatch*.' We recognized, at a glance, an attractive feature in its columns, the papers entitled '*Life on the Pacific Coast*,' written by Mr. EDWARD J. ALLEN, of whom our readers have before heard, and from himself, in these pages. These accumulated papers we had laid aside for perusal, when time and opportunity should serve; but the other evening, coming up the river, and sitting, as is our wont, in the pilot-house of the 'ERIE' steamer, smoking a mild cigar in the early gloaming, with the 'BISHOP' of that diocese, we took out of a capacious side-pocket, among other journals, a late number of '*The Pittsburgh Daily Dispatch*, and alighted at once upon one of the letters to which we have alluded, describing the 'settlement' of our old correspondent upon '*Allen's-Claim*,' Wisconsin Territory, near Olympia, in that rich and flourishing region, after his return from 'all his wanderings.' The picture is graphic. Nothing in 'Roughing it in the Bush,' or 'Life in Australia,' exceeds it, in simple, unpremeditated, forcible narrative. One seems to feel and breathe the 'free air of the boundless west,' and to be aiding the enterprising 'squatter' in erecting his 'wee bit housie;' and 'lang and late may it be,' before he, or his, shall find it 'in ruin.' Pending a thorough perusal of all the '*Dispatches*' we have received, we cannot resist the temptation of an extract or two, in this place; not without the thought, moreover, that some enterprising publisher at the west, or on the Atlantic sea-board, would 'find his account' in collecting these admirable letters into a volume. For they are fresh; written on the spur of the moment, while all the incidents recorded are fresh in the mind of the writer, and while every thing that has 'sprung from the occasion' is a *present* thought with the journalist; a 'great thing,' let us tell you, if you have n't thought of it before. But to our extract. Our journalist is building himself a house, on his own 'claim.'

'I AM under the roof of 'my ain wee housie' now — and from within indite you this letter — upon my own land, too; and with a strange, proud feeling I look out upon the giant trees, whose heavy shadows are grouped upon the beach, and listen with a freehold air to the music of the waves, as they curl in upon the shore, heralding the coming of the tide. My little cabin can scarce be seen from the bay, upon whose margin it is built, for the trees cluster round it so closely, growing denser and more dense back of it, until it seems almost as though the night never left it. At the right is my spring, down a little hollow, of beautiful clear water as ever rilled from a Pennsylvania hill-side.' . . . 'When the snows had disappeared, and I began to feel strong, I went out with the 'wood-choppers' on the place, and tried a little experiment to see 'what was in me;' found I could, at that, earn readily three dollars a day, and gave it a good test by continuing at it ten days. Meanwhile I was looking round, keeping my eyes open, with ulterior views which I shall not expatiate upon now. I found the claim I had in progress of purchase would take some time to bring to a conclusion, and meanwhile there were equally good sites lying around, to be had 'for the asking,' and a residence on it (of yourself or agent) four years. I thought, while ulterior plans were in abeyance, I might as well secure a homestead to radiate from in this way. *I had become very much attached to one of the young fellows I had chopped with, originating in that peculiar feeling of reciprocity incident to chopping at the same tree, which an after-intercourse had ripened into friendship.* SHIRLEY ENSIGN was his name, a genuine whole-souled fellow,

from Ohio. I took a little trip of exploration, found this locality, was pleased with it; returned, and together we went over to look at it, and (feeling more and more pleased) went over one sun-shiny morning, marked out the locality of our house, sung 'Hail Columbia,' and stood on our own ground, 'landed proprietors!'

This is but a fair 'sample' of these unpremeditated letters, which are all the better for being perfectly unstudied. We may have more to say of them hereafter. - - - A CORRESPONDENT at Peru, Illinois, mentions the following 'circumstance' in a note to the EDITOR. It struck us, in the perusal, as a somewhat novel standard of 'standing,' and one not altogether flattering to our western friends: Mr. S — applied for admission into the Presbyterian church by card dated in 1848, which the 'authorities of the church' were disposed to consider a rather ancient 'letter of credit,' but the difficulty was overcome by Mr. S —, who guessed he was, and had been during all the time, 'as good a Christian as most western men!' He 'passed' without farther question. - - - WE cannot conscientiously say that we think very much of '*The Comet*,' about which some people have lately talked so much; although, as a stranger, we do not think it has been treated as it deserved to have been. Suppose its coming *wasn't* announced?—suppose its tail is shorter than have been those of its erratic brotherhood? Are these reasons why it shouldn't be received in 'good society' in America? It is *our* comet—a regular 'American production;' nor have we permitted it to be seen beyond California, the latest of our acquisitions. When next it 'streams its horrid hair' in our sky, our 'progress' may give it a wider scope, but in the meantime, no 'entangling alliances' with any other country will be permitted. In *this* respect, 'decidedly no indulgence will be shown.' Apropos of our celestial visitor: who has seen a more felicitous and beautiful consideration of the theme, than may be found in the subjoined lines, just handed to us by our friend and correspondent, Mr. B. F. TAYLOR? Fancy, sublimity, poetry, are here:

THE NEW CRAFT IN THE OFFING OF HEAVEN.

'T was a beautiful night on a beautiful deep,
And the man at the helm had just fallen asleep,
And the watch of the deck, with his head on his breast,
Was beginning to dream that *another's* it pressed,
When the look-out aloft cried, 'A sail! ho, a sail!'
And the question and answer went rattling like hail:
'A sail! ho, a sail!' 'Where away?' 'No'th-no'th-west!'
'Make her out?' 'No, your honor!'—The din drowned the rest.

'There, indeed, is the stranger, her first in these seas,
Yet she drives boldly on, in the teeth of the breeze.
Now her bows to the breakers she steadily turns:
Oh, how brightly the light of her binnacle burns!
Not a signal for SATURN this ROVER has given,
No salute for our VENUS, the flag-star of heaven;
Not a rag or a ribbon adorning her spars,
She has saucily sailed by 'the red planet MARS';
She has 'doubled,' triumphant, the Cape of the SUN,
And the sentinel stars, without firing a gun!
Now, a flag at the fore and the mizzen unfurled,
She is bearing right gallantly down on the world!
'Helm a-port!' 'Show a light! She will run us aground!'
'Fire a gun!' 'Bring her to!' 'Sail a-hoy! Whither bound?'

'Avast! there, ye lubbers! Leave the rudder alone:
'T is a craft 'in commission'—the ADMIRAL's own;

And she sails with sealed orders, unopened as yet,
 Though her anchors she weighed before *LUCIFER* set!
 Ah! she sails by a chart no draughtsman could make,
 Where each cloud that can trail, and each wave that can break;
 Where each planet is cruising, each star is at rest,
 With its anchor 'let go' in the blue of the blest;
 Where that sparkling flotilla, the Asteroids, lie,
 Where the scarf of red Morning is flung on the sky;
 Where the breath of the sparrow is staining the air—
 On the chart that she bears, you will find them all there!
 Let her pass on in peace to the port whence she came,
 With her trackings of fire, and her streamers of flame!

AN old and esteemed friend 'up the river' had the following document served upon him the other day:

August 3, 1853.

'MR. S—— Sur the Assessors have raised youre Wife \$1000 personal Property they met at —— Villidg on the 16 Inst to here agreavans.
 'this from the Assessors.'

The money thus 'raised' was doubtless presented to the lady at the appointed time, in a purse appropriate to so liberal a donation. - - - A WAG of a correspondent in the *very* 'far west,' among many other pleasant things, records the following: 'Not far from here resides a young man who, reading in his 'first reader' a family-scene in which a cat was the principal actor, and an old lady knitting, one of the subordinate characters, read: 'Aunt RUTH was sitting in the chimney-corner *kittenng*.' But DAVY B—— 'took the trick,' when he read from the twenty-fifth Psalm, second verse: 'Let not mine enemies *trump* over me.' Ought not that to be laid before the 'BIBLE Revision Association?' - - - THE commodious steamer '*Isaac P. Smith*' thought she did something 'smart' in going away from the 'Pier' this glorious September morning, and leaving us, simply because we happened to be ten or fifteen minutes too late! Did n't know, probably, that we could walk to Nyack, only four miles, by a breezy road leading along the western shore of the noble Tappaän-Zee, and take the little ferry-boat that connects with the down-train of the Hudson River Rail-Road on the other side. Ah ha! A most delightful walk—pleasing sensations even to the foremost toe in the foremost foot. ——— They 'change time' very frequently with these small ferry-boats. Nyack is a pleasant village, seen at a distance. The road to the little hamlet is very charming in the early morning, but toward ten o'clock, *going southward*, the wind with you, it is 'a hard road to travel'—we 'believe.' Captain 'GARRY HOUSE' is as courteous and clever an officer as ever crossed a plank; but if he goes away again with his contemptible little boat, (though she *did* beat the fast 'OREGON' the other morning,) and leaves us, just because a few serenading friends had 'met us by moonlight alone,' about four o'clock in the morning, he'll *hear* from us. 'A word to the wise is sufficient:'

'MAN's inhumanity to man,
 Makes countless thousands mourn,'

'and things.' - - - AN English Magazine, ('*Eliza Cook's Journal*,') we perceive from the daily papers, has recently copied an article from an American contemporary, without credit, which was afterward transferred from the foreign work to a *second* American periodical, also without credit; the last editor,

being abroad at the time of its selection, and not being aware of its American paternity, complaints have been made that it should at least have been credited to the source whence it was obtained. 'Not exactly.' Articles (in two or three instances) from the KNICKERBOCKER, written for it, and published in it, have been copied into the same English Magazine, without any mention of their origin; have come back here in English journals, and been copied, and credited to the source whence the '*stolen goods*' proceeded. 'First remove the beam which is in thine *own* eye, and *after* that,' etc. - - - 'Some three or four years ago,' writes a western friend, in a genial, gossiping letter, 'I commenced a rhyming epistle to you, of which I remember only a scrap, which is 'matter of fact,' as an old codger interrogatively observed in my hearing, when I was about half a dozen years old, as some one was talking about the story of RIF VAN WINKLE:

'AND once when desolate and poor,
From one well known in days of yore,
(In days of youthful hope and bliss,)
Through *you* was breathed a song
That taught me 'how sublime it is
To suffer and be strong.'
God bless the bard who sent the lay
That cheered me on my lonely way!
The *very voice* I seemed to hear,
Once so familiar to my ear.'

WE have seen and heard JULLIEN! 'Well, there! there's no use talking.' Nothing like him, nothing *approaching* him, as a 'leader,' has ever appeared in America. We used to think, when a little boy in the country, that APOLLOS HOPKINS, when he rose in the centre of the gallery of our great, square, straight-backed 'cathedral,' was the greatest leader *we* ever saw; previously taking out his pine pitch-pipe, (painted red at the same time the roof of our barn was painted, and from the same pot,) pulling it out as far as 'G' on the slide, and, with a preliminary, '*Low-low-lud-low 'um 'um!*' 'setting' the tune, in something the same way that an 'expert' would 'set' a saw. Then would he rise, and his 'corps' with him, the women on the right hand and the men on the left, and, with his long blue sheepskin-backed singing-book (its covers rising and falling, like the slow-moving wings of a spread-eagle) in his left hand, and the tips of his great, bony fingers resting on the book, giving the 'upward beat, downward beat,' 'with a short, uneasy motion,' until, with uplifted hand and stentorian preliminary voice, he awoke the 'great deep' of nasal 'execution.' Such was APOLLOS HOPKINS, the great musical leader of our time. But JULLIEN is different. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the styles of the two performers. JULLIEN seems more graceful. HOPKINS wore no gloves, and his coarse hands were 'brown as the ribbed sea-sand.' JULLIEN wears very white ones; his hands are small, and he 'makes more motions.' JULLIEN is 'more 'stubbed' than what APOLLOS was,' who was tall and lank; and when he stood up, and was under way, you could see, as they say, the leader 'sticking out.' Not so with JULLIEN. He 'fires and falls back,' in his elegant chair; apparently dead of a surfeit of sweet sounds. But, every thing *else* apart, JULLIEN is a wonder. He is a true genius. Nothing has ever moved us so much, in

the way of music, as the harmony which he compels from his hundred instruments, all sounding in unison, at once. It is the very *perfection* of art in its kind, and is really a 'living delight.' Now, reader, just think whether we ever spoke in this way before of *any* musical performer in these pages, and give us credit for an impression of a 'new revelation.' - - - READER, let us drop a word in your ear: 'Look out,' in the course of a month, for a most charming little volume, from the press of the publisher hereof, entitled '*January and June: or Out-Door Thinkings, and Fireside Musings:*' by BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR. This is the writer's brief and beautiful preface:

'A LITTLE Preface to a little Book is a jewel: so these random sketches are not portionless.

'Some body has declared that 'water runneth by the Mill, the Miller wots not of;' and, for proof thereof, lo! here a little, caught in the hollow of one's hand. Not enough, indeed, to turn a wheel, but to quench, may-be, a rose's or a robin's thirst; to baptize an infant love of nature; to sparkle in dews, on opening leaves of thought.

'HARK!' says the mother, as she soothes the restless child. Now, NATURE is the mother, and I—the child.'

THE following admirable lines, written on a '*June Morning*,' reach us in the well-known and always welcome chirography of our esteemed friend and correspondent, ROBERT S. CHILTON, Esq., of Washington City:

'The cat-bird sings in the tangled bush
That loads the air with its sweet perfume,
And the murmuring bees hide all the day
In the snowy tents of the alder's bloom;
The silent thrush, with a rapid wing,
Darts through the sun-lit, leafy screen,
And tilts the branches that over the brook
Wave their tassels of tender green.

'The distant river, asleep in the sun,
Lies in a calm, unruffled rest,
And a single sail, like a snowy gull,
Lazily floats on its placid breast.
From yon white cottage, hard by the wood,
Comes the murmur of pleasant talk;
High over-head in the stainless blue
Sails the silent and watchful hawk!

'O ye who toil in the dusty town,
Come here, and your souls in this sun-shine steep;
See how the earth, at the touch of Spring,
Like the daughter of JANUS, wakes from her sleep.
Say if your walls of brick give back
The sun like yonder hill-side green,
In billows of dazzling, golden light,
With cool and shadowy gulfs between.'

Isn't that beautiful, now? - - - 'A THOUGHT has just struck me,' writes one of the precious friends we have left, (for DEATH, within a few months, has made sad work among the little band whom we had 'buckled to our heart with hooks of steel,') 'that I should like to know what you are about at this hour. The idea 'sticks to me like a burr.' Well, *this*: We had been out on the lawn, under the trees, with the little folk; watching the line of porpoises on the calm Hudson, rolling over like sea-swine, on their way downward toward the ocean, with now and then a sturgeon, up-

right and stiff, jumping straight from the water, and dropping back again with a sudden splash, that sends circling ripples widening to the shore; upon *seventy sail*, becalmed in the entrance to Haverstraw Bay; upon the cat's-paw marks of 'schools' of fish, triangular-shaped, like files of wild-geese in the air. Then we shook the plum-trees, and as the round, plump, ripe fruit rolled upon the grass, they were speedily picked up and enjoyed; then we took the step-ladder, and picked some ISABELLA-grapes, from the trellis-roof of the arbor in the garden; then we put a board, with 'cleats' upon it, against the 'big tree,' and *all* of us got up in the broad branches, and were most pleasantly seated—a perfect 'family tree;' then little JOSE sung, 'When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;' then we came down; then we lighted a mild cigar; and *then* there came a voice, telling a 'young sauce-box to come down,' which he did, and his 'paternal progenitor' after him, with the rest of his 'tribe'—pretty quick if not sooner. Can't a great many sit in a tree a great while without getting tired; 'leastways' *we* found it so, 'among us.' - - - 'A FRIEND' says: 'I heard a good anecdote just now of a wealthy man 'here-away,' who had a number of servants, and was in the habit of sending some one of them a-fishing for trout; but one day his man returned with a smaller number than usual; and, upon being asked the reason of it, he said: 'A negro came along and threw them overboard;' upon which the master asked him 'if he 'brook'd' such conduct?' 'No,' was the reply, 'but I *brook'd* the nigger!' The verdict of the coroner's jury was: 'Found drowned!' - - - FRIENDS, if you remark any 'short-comings' in the original departments of the present number, please to recall the first ten days of September, in which they were prepared; the penetrating, permeating, saturating, debilitating, enervating heats; worse than the 'selectest influences' of SIRIUS and the Dog-star at any period heretofore. It must have been the comet. But 'thereby hangs a tail' too long for present handling. - - - A PERSON named CHARLES W. SNOW (white and spotless soul!) obtained several subscribers for the KNICKERBOCKER in Virginia last spring, but has never reported either the money or the names. 'An individual' calling himself HARVEY DUNN, has been 'doing' still worse. He has obtained numbers and volumes of our Magazine, and other periodicals, on a credit, and getting subscribers—delivering one or more numbers, and then keeping the money. The public are notified that whenever any agent is sent from this office, his name will appear in print in the Magazine. All others 'work on their own hook,' and we are in no way responsible for their operations. Persons wishing specimen-numbers, and writing solely on their own business, are particularly requested to pay the postage, if they expect any attention to be paid to their letters. Publishers of newspapers, *every where*, are informed that we do *not* give an EXCHANGE for publishing our prospectus, except where it is done at our request. Our large exchange-list requires reduction rather than increase. - - - AGAIN we leave pages of 'Gossip' over, Notices to Correspondents, of New Publications, etc. Correspondents must *keep copies* of brief articles sent us. It would be an endless task to return all communications which we do not accept. At the same time, contributors should bear in mind that articles, in prose and verse, may *be* accepted, and yet await insertion for months. Variety, length, typogra-

phical fitness, all have to be considered, to say nothing of postponed papers, which abide their precedence, like 'customers' in a barber's-shop—'not to speak it profanely.' - - - We again remind our readers and correspondents, that all communications intended for this Magazine, and all inquiries, of whatever kind, in relation to them, must be addressed to 'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Editor KNICKERBOCKER Magazine,' Number 139, Nassau street, New-York.' - - - We learn that our long-time friend and *collaborateur* in the pleasant field of letters, PARK BENJAMIN, whose success as a lecturer has been uniformly great, has relinquished his design of going abroad, and will remain at his own house in this city during the next six months, except when necessarily absent in pursuit of his popular vocation. This will be acceptable news to the managers of the various Lyceums, Institutes, and Associations throughout our country, by whom Mr. BENJAMIN's services may be secured, as usual, for the present and coming season. We hear Mr. BENJAMIN's new discourse on 'Americanisms' very highly commended. Mr. BENJAMIN's address is Number Three, West Washington-Place, New-York. - - - 'Oh that we had money!' was our involuntary exclamation, at seeing an advertisement in an Albany journal, headed, '*Lake George Property for Sale.*' To be near Lake George, the most beautiful sheet of water in the known world; to be near SHERRILL's 'Lake-House,' and its delighted visitors; to have a house and a home on the classic grounds of Forts 'WILLIAM HENRY,' 'GEORGE,' and 'GALE,' all looking upon lovely Lake Horicon, and the mountains of braided-blue that rise out of its glassy bosom, and swell up from its reflected shores; to have a house and home here, accessible in ten hours from New-York—this would be 'bliss indeed.' - - - The following, among other works, have been received by the EDITOR, and await present notice: 'Passages from the History of a Wasted Life,' by the Author of 'Pen-and-Ink Sketches,' published by MUSSEY AND COMPANY, Boston, and beautifully illustrated by BILLINGS; 'Spiritual Vampirism,' by C. W. WEBBER; 'The Roman Traitor,' by H. W. HERBERT; 'JOHN CARROLL BRENT's Address before the Georgetown College,' D. C.; a work from the press of BOHN, London, and BANGS, New-York, upon 'China, Ava, and the Burmese, Siam, and Anam, profusely illustrated; 'Fun and Earnest; 'Mapleton, or More Work for the Maine-Law; 'The Behaviour Book,' by Miss LESLIE; DE QUINCEY's 'Autographical Sketches; 'BRITTON and RICHMOND's 'Discussion of Spiritualism; 'Old New-York, a Tragedy, by Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH; 'Turn-Over,' a tale of New-Hampshire; 'State Prisons of New-York' Reports; 'Story of an Apple; 'Report of the New-York Young Men's Christian Association; 'Mind and its Creations,' by A. J. HART; 'The Young American,' by Bishop DOANE of New-Jersey; 'Venice, the City by the Sea; 'Treatise on Daguerreotyping,' etc. - - - OBSERVE, please, the advertisement of *Frankenstein's Panorama*, on the cover of the present number. No one who has *not* seen the Great Cataract, should fail to visit it; and all who *have* seen it, can see it *again*, with all its sublime accessories, save only sound and motion. - - - OWING to an early issue for the California steamer, the commencement of the story of '*John Biggs*,' by the author of '*The Quod Correspondence*,' was not received in season for insertion in the present number.